Henry Ford Giving Dancing Lessons.

Of all the hobbies indulged in by millionaires, it is the strangest: Bringing into the limelight an obscure fiddler to fiddle us into the long forgotten quadrille, Virginia reel, the schottiche and York.

To be content with such a pastime does not seem like Henry Ford; it is more appropriate to a restricted mind and apparently fails to reconcile with the ideals and ambitions of other millionaires:

In early life Andrew Carnegie wanted books, E. H. Harriman loved the country, and John Rockefeller undoubtedly wanted to become a physician, and they indulged themselves pro bono publico.

Now, we draw on libraries, read leisurely in Bear Mountain Park and keep in good health at their expense. Does Henry Ford propose to erect dancing pavilions there? What is behind the idea?

These men of wealth give deep study to their philanthropies: Carnegie, Harriman and Rockfeller contributed to the intellectual, natural and physical sciences; is not Ford undertaking the development of the social and moral sciences hitherto neglected?

Henry Ford is too astute and farsighted to be content with mere amusement; it is more probable that he is employing the cunning of Mark Twain in introducing us to an intelligent social philosophy in the guise of amusement. It has all the ear-marks of a well designed and pre-meditated plan to introduce a social order.

The laws governing society are in direct contradiction to those of business and we have lost sight of that fact. We now buy our amusement the way we buy pie, and our entertainment is only governed by the size of our pocket-book. Amusement is centralized like business, and dancing in motley crowds is the nearest we come to social contacts.

It is the duty of a party hostess to draw individuals into action and then discreetly retire; society requires that each and every member of it contribute something of himself or herself. Correct society is complete dissolution of a governing body except for initial action. The first step in organizing a social center is to draw the whole crowd into action, and there is no better way to begin this than through old-fashioned dances.

The laws of society have been overwhelmed in the greed for business and control through centralization. It is the tendency both in government and in society and we are on the wrong foot. No longer do we engage in politics but delegate our responsibilities to politicians we employ for the purpose, and then we complain if the system doesn't work.

The headmaster of an exclusive school was called into conference with an able business man and his wife. Both were troubled. "This magnificent estate is the result of our concentrated attention to business. The approach alone cost me $60,000 and the only person who drives up that road is my mother. We have ignored social life for greed; our former friends remain in modest circumstances and hesitate to call. We fear for our three children lest they grow in isolation as we have done, and we offer you all our power to better their condition."

Democracy in social life and in morals, as in politics, demands of us a responsibility we have shirked for money. Is it not likely that Henry Ford is laying a road not designed for flivvers, that may lead us to a better understanding of our responsibilities and acceptance of them?

H. M. Carpenter.

Replies to "What Becomes Of All The Furniture?"

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

I noticed recently you asked "what becomes of all the furniture that comes to Nantucket?"

This is perfectly easy to answer: My family buys most of it—antiques particularly. My wife is just "bugs" on antiques; any old thing. Just so it shows use, it becomes an "antique" and I am equally "bugs" on acquiring it.

The rooms of my 'Sconset house are only about 7½ x 9, but this in no wise interferes in the purchase of furniture that measures twice as large as the house.

Let us but glimpse at some defunct remnant of furniture ready for eternal rest and our fervent ecstacies are roused with a passion to buy and send it down to Nantucket. That is why the New Bedford line requires larger and better boats.

That elysium, 'Sconset, calculated to give unalloyed happiness to the tired business man, is gradually filling up with equally worn-out junk that gives to him that heaving, pulsating tremor of unalloyed bliss every time he gazes upon it.

Nantucket's open-air auction is anticipated with equal joy. We have transported wagon loads of it to 'Sconset; we bought the oldest house we could find there (also because it was "antique") just to hold it, and now that it is full, my wife insists I get another one, and all because of the "antique" bug.

There is no question about it, "antiques" is a disease. I have not yet been able to purchase a comfortable "old" bed, and old chairs are abominations, requiring cushions and pads to make them sitable. Modern furniture and modern houses, with their conveniences, are comforts of the highest order, but the heart loves the simple, with its homely, unaffected and chastened naturalness; its beauty lies in its lack of the artificial.

It is the reason "Off-Islanders" adore Nantucket and the Native loves it. To bring to Nantucket material evidences of simple American home life is to bring further love and affection back to the natural environment where it thrives. Just the same have just installed a new bath tub.

Sincerely,

H. M. Carpenter.

Siasconset, Mass.

"Land Cruising" For Real Pleasure at Low Cost.

Early last August, when we finished building our new 'Sconset house, friend wife suggested that we should go on a search for some real good up-to-date antiques in order to fill it.

In past years we had gone the rounds of antique shops from "way down East" to western Pennsylvania, but found extortionate prices for much junk that was quite worthless. We decided to start in with the Connecticut valley, where we would find the real thing in the hands of Dimitri Varlett, Anton Fordrek, Philpandpopulous, Poulzepantzof and other 100% Americans who now inhabit that fertile land and would not value much that was left there.

We had tried "touring" but found it tiresome after a week. Once we equipped a car for sleeping purposes but found it impractical. Taking a tent and "camping out" night after night is too strenuous, yet we wanted to be gone two months.

Finally we decided to go "land cruising", so we bought a two-ton truck and fitted on it a standard custom body designed to carry 20 passengers—one of the kind that saws between towns and has "Pray as you enter" on the front door.

The success of the enterprise was such that we are now fully convinced we have found the future method of travel, not only for comfort, but for economy.

The car is now ready for Florida, California or other distant points and at a cost far below anything one might contemplate; for our runniing expenses, repairs, food and everything we needed throughout the New England States, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia was less than $3.70 per day for both.

The amount of touring this summer was tremendous; there were more Massachusetts cars in New Brunswick than the natives owned. Massachusetts was indeed thirsty. Occasionally we met with a car built for land cruising, but it was of home design, awkward and conspicuous, as the owners admitted.

Outfitting the car was inexpensive: A berth was constructed at the rear, running lengthwise of the car, while beneath it were the convenient bureau drawers. Hinged to the ceiling directly above is the rest of the bureau, to be let down at night. Eighteen windows entirely around the car were screened.

The lavatory is set at the foot of the bed with water under pressure running from a 20-gallon tank below. The kitchen beyond is compact as in a yacht, with a cellarette below for provisions, a fireless cooker, two 5-gallon thermos jugs for spring water, alcohol stoves and oven.

The opposite side of the car has a chemical toilet, screened and isolated, a folding berth, a dining table and folding chairs, electric drop light and typewriter equipment. A compass, barometer, thermometer, field glasses, etc., complete the outfit.

The great virtue of such an outfit lies in the accessibility of everything, particularly for meals. Our noonday meal was dinner, for which we allowed not less than two hours—something quite impossible for campers in a touring car.

At a camp near Gorham, N. H., were more than 40 cars, each with a tent, everyone completely tired out on arrival after 5 p. m., yet with camp to make and supper to cook, an operation of not less than two hours.

Comparison of costs with these campers was interesting: A & P's were liberally patronized, but most got tired and put up with private families offering "tourist accommodations" after they had "camped" two or three nights The lowest cost we found was for room, $1.00 per night each; supper and breakfast 35 cents each. Cost for two would be from $3.40 and up.

Our new car cost $1,185 delivered, and outfitting costs whatever one desires to pay. Florida is charging about $20 a day for two in a room at a modest hotel, so that a little estimating will suggest comparison.

Anyone wishing to "land cruise" at low cost should be able to locate a bus that has been traded in at a cost not to exceed $600, take it in the back yard and outfit it themselves.

Until it became tiresome, we were glad to allow inspection of the car at practically every town by those who were "planning to go to Florida this winter." The interest shown in this new method of conveyance indicated to us quite conclusively that we had hit upon a coming method of transportation. For camping it was unequalled: we were permitted to back up against a salmon stream at will. Our table was loaded with trout, white perch, green smelt, red raspberries, blueberries (10 to 12 cents a quart), cream at 25 cents per pint, potatoes that cost nothing, and other local products that were in season.

Rain cost us no annoyance, for we were high above ground and equipped for comfort. Curtains for all the windows, a phonograph, and subdued electric lights made such living a comfort, but how to secure delivery to us of the Nantucket Mirror we never solved.

And we never bought one antique. Why? Because every Armenian expert was busy making them to supply the local demand.

Concerning Nantucket.

Correspondence in the New Bedford Standard.

To the Editor of The Standard:

In a recent editorial commenting on my narratives of travel contributed to the Nantucket Mirror, you greatly honored me by calling me a "Nantucketer".

No, I am a rank outsider; a foreigner. Although my ancestors settled at Rehoboth in the 17th century, those who survived the Indians or escaped the noose scattered throughout New England, but none were born on Nantucket Isle. We are "Off-Islanders" unable to attain the eminence and rank of "Nantucketer."

Rather am I a "Sconseter" which means in the vernacular of the isle "a resident now and then of the eastern side, just as far removed from the town of Nantucket as it is possible to get without drowning; a tireless spot at the edge of treeless moors where the wind is so strong one has to hang onto the grass by his teeth to escape being blown into kingdom come; where little boys fly iron shutters instead of kites, and use anchor chains for tails; where the islander goes to find lobsters either from the perilous shoals or the human variety that ship from the cities."

It is true that an off-Islander converted Ben Pitman's old barn into a School of Opinion out there in Sconset, but no one has been able to decipher why anyone should attempt to teach these grandmothers how to suck eggs. Why every mother's son of a Nantucketer is a school of opinion within himself. He remains undefiled with nothing stronger than the Nantucket Mirror to guide his opinion. Certain it is that burning down one of the School of Opinion's buildings last week was not the result of any opinion disseminated by that school—though of course the opinion may have originated there.

The Nantucketer is an owl for wisdom. After indulging in free trips for shopping at the expense of New Bedford merchants and a special trip to Boston as a sort of vacation each fall, the native hibernates for the winter in his kitchen and adjoining room. In the spring the houses blossom out along with the buds and the flounders and by the time the cod arrive the entire island is a land of hospitality and joy, for the wily Islander rents his house to the city aristocrat at a price that nearly pays for it each year while the family discreetly retires for the summer, in fact evaporates for the occasion.

Over in Sconset the family move "down bank," the colloquial name for "Cod-fish Park" situated on land acquired in ways peculiar to Nantucket, there to remain two months while the Off-Islander revels in the cute little houses embowered in roses and wanders aimlessly abont its streets at bathing time wearing no apparel worthy of the name.

Thus in two months time the astute Nantucketer acquires his year's competence that is painfully gathered in 12 months by those who live on the mainland; then, through a glorious fall, the family Buick rolls round and round and round to Sconset and Polpis and town, day after day in atmosphere that makes Nantucket one of the most glorious spots on the coast.

The Great American Tourist.

Some years back the original Julius Caesar ate a large slice of goose and sent the rest of the bird to a personal friend along with a note which read: "Caesar finds this goose so delicious he is eager to have his friend share it with him."

It is because I have found travel so enjoyable that I have written freely about it, so that my friends may be stimulated into doing the same thing and getting the same enjoyment out of it.

And so I have watched the great American Tourist just to see how much of a kick he is getting out of his new experiences, only to find that the average American does not get the most out of travel because he is wedded too much to his comforts. Let him have breakfast postponed one hour and he is the ugliest cuss on earth.

The reasons given by tourists why they are travelling are often extraordinary. One who said he was travelling for his wife's health said his wife remained home; another, a young woman, said her parents shipped her abroad for a year because she was falling in love with a married man; another had a hammer with which he collected mementoes from occasional grottoes, castles and monuments; another was merely inspired to meet a native girl in each country he visited. Many feel that it is adding to their education and go about with a little red Baedecker and a serious mien, hoping the duty will soon be over. When these people return home it seems as though they had swallowed their information, for they never speak of it voluntarily.

Occasionally one meets a business man travelling along the northern tourist routes, who has made a wad and has set out to blow it on the continent, believing that a wife ought to share the enjoyment, but it is not always wise to ask whose wife he refers to.

The returned tourist, full of enthusiastic gossip and information, is altogether too often mistaken for a braggart who wants to tell about all that he has done. I have yet to meet this kind of tourist abroad.

The vast majority go for pure joy in the experience, with the curiosity of a child and determination to do the right thing, showing courtesy and good will to those he meets abroad. I have always, when possible, selected a southern route tourist ship rather than a northern one, for the enjoyment to be had meeting the new tourist, instead of having to sit about the smoking room of a liner with the man who is making his 46th crossing, is blasé and knows nothing but business.

The tourist, on the other hand is full of surprises, active, willing, eager for information and ready for play. The new tourist generally hooks up beforehand with a Cook's or other large party, but this is not noticeable until the agent comes aboard just before landing and huddles his group together.

On the last trip, in steamer chairs adjoining my own, reclined two school teachers, going for the first time. Just before joining their party one leaned over toward the other and remarked: "Do you know, I feel we have Kansas written all over us!"

The most disturbing thing to these good American people is the tipping system: they desire to be liked and so pay exhorbitant tips in an effort to secure appreciation, but this they never rouse in the breast of a servant. The tip is part of a wage; it is known and set by the native traveller and is paid with the regularity of dropping nickles in a fare box.

Servants in constant contact with American tourists know they are ignorant of these standards and, being entirely human, scowl severely upon receiving a tip, knowing full well the American can't stand the scowl; that is why Americans figure on large tips. A returning scowl soon quiets the worst of these grafters, but no American tourist thinks of it; his mind is on "good will to his fellow men."

This "fellow man" on the other hand sees this good thing coming along and can't resist the temptation to scowl, grumble and kick and the worst of all these brigands are to be found at Cherbourg meeting fresh arrivals. So if you go, be prepared to scowl, grumble and fight while you pay standard rates.

—*H. M. Carpenter.*

The Voice of C...

Silk Shirt Period Strikes Wall Street.

Continued from First Page.

the temporary discard and each point down means a dollar lost. The tales arising from these losses are not fairy tales but tragedies.

There are far too many of these tragedies, but they are due to eager speculation with the expectation of getting rich over night. The mistake most often made is the notion that 100 shares being the standard transaction of the stock exchange, the investor buys 100, 200 or even 300 shares at a time instead of 10 or 25 at a time. The average man doesn't like to talk about buying 10 shares, but talks of his 100 or 500 shares as though they were ordinary affairs.

The man who has a few thousand dollars and wishes to invest them in stocks is on the right tract to make money but lack of experience may cost him his entire cash in less than a week. Usually the new-comer buys 100 shares. He selects an active stock that is recommended. Now an active stock travels from 3 to 9 dollars up or down a day, which means $300 to $900 gain or loss.

When an active stock is rising it is helped along by hundreds who are trading it in, expecting to sell at 5 or 10 point profit. After the stock has risen 8 or 10 points there is invariably a re-action and the price drops, due to so many people selling out. Unless an investor knows his stock, he is gambling with his eyes shut and that is what the various majority of losers do.

It is like a plumber suddenly deciding to sell fur coats as a side line and pays without question the price asked for the first lot offered. On March first he finds himself with a lot of unsold furs on his hands, with the moths ready to attack them. He has just as much right to complain that luck is against him as the average speculator who goes into the stock market blindfolded.

Within the week a young man, new to Wall Street, bought 300 shares of stock and put up $4,500 margin. In two days the stock fell 12 points, (300 x 12 is $3,600) and he stood to lose $3,600. He has borrowed enough more to carry him through another possible drop of 10 points. He is "sitting with it" as Wall Street says.

Standing in the doorway of a broker's office looking over the "translux", a glorified ticker, a man was accosted by another who said: "What stock are you interested in?" "C. M. O.", was the reply, "Any good?"

"I am told that it is going to par and the statements are good."

"That sounds pretty good, I guess I'll get some", and 200 shares were ordered on the spot. Curiously enough, C. M. O. hadn't moved for a month, when it suddenly awoke and moved up 7 points by two that afternoon. The stranger again walked in, sold his 200 shares of C. M. O., and drew from the broker a check for $1,326, plus the money he deposited.

An office boy missing from his post in a Washington, D. C., building was found in a neighboring broker's office.

"Who sent you here," he was asked.

"Nobody."

"Well, then, what were you up to?"

"Well, sir, three years ago I bought a share of radio for $18 and I wanted to see what it was quoted at."

This week the share is selling for $406.00.

Just how long the game is to keep up is what Wall Street wants to know.

One guess is as good as another. Nobody knows.

Faith in Miracles.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Unquestionably the most interesting "movie" I ever produced was taken last year of a Miraculous Ikon kept in a Greek Church on the Island of Tinos in the Aegean Sea, east of Greece.

This film is now being synchronized with religious music and when completed will be sent to Nantucket for exhibition there, if arrangements can be made for reproduction of the music.

Quite by accident I learned of this Ikon while taking movies in Greece. It appears that this Ikon was dug up in the 16th century and possesses the remarkable power of healing, restoring blindness, curing lameness and every form of disease, and the process of cure is equally extraordinary.

Those who desire to be cured, or remain in good health, lie side by side in the middle of the main street while a priest holding the Ikon and guided by soldiers walks over these prostrate people for nearly a quarter-mile. This "festival" takes place once a year and nearly 30,000 people of the Greek Church attend it.

Faith in the efficiency of an Ikon, (an old rag, a piece of wood, a skull or a bag of bones) to cure sickness is one of the oddities the human mind loves to indulge in. It took thousands of years for us to disillusion ourselves about the existence of Hell, yet the persistence of the idiotic idea was no more extraordinary than the persistent belief of the Greeks in their sacred Ikon.

In talking with these perfectly intelligent people about their sacred Ikon it was clear that there was an underlying truth about curious things happening whenever a crowd saw the Ikon on parade, but beyond the elementary idea that they accepted, they resented any further thought about it.

The idea that the Ikon produced cures was accepted as a matter of faith and there was not the slightest intention of investigating the claim. It is a Faith, and a faith deeper than just a belief.

We can believe a thing and not feel resentful towards one who does not believe it, but with faith in an Ikon, it is dangerous to oppose those who believe in it. That was why my whole conduct with these Greek people was respectful; theirs was the faith of a religion and if I were to announce at Tinos that their Ikon was a fake cure, there is no telling what would have happened to me.

Any attempt to argue a faith only makes the believers much stronger in it. Americans viewing this film of the Ikon wonder at the faith in a cure merely by having a man walk over them in the street while he holds an object in his hands, but Americans hold just as persistently to an idea as the Greeks or any other nation.

Just now the coming election is to swing on an idea that the United States is "dry", and in spite of the knowledge that anyone can get a drink whenever he wants it, any place from Nantucket to Tacoma, yet they will vote to have the country "remain" dry. The idea of dryness is just as much a faith in a "miraculous law" as faith in a "miraculous Ikon", and how it does persist!

The same process of thought concerning miracles performed by an Ikon are reproduced in our thoughts concerning prohibition; that is, wholly disregarding common sense we stick with persistence to our belief.

While taking pictures of the Greek Ikon, word was passed through the multitude that 19 miracles had just taken place. I had no way of verifying this rumor, but it was accepted quite as a matter of fact by the crowd. What appeared to be verification was the large number of crutches seen thrown on the roadside.

As a cynic, I tried to find out who distributed them. In this country, I am "dry" until I get thirsty, and during this "dry" spell I am strongly Republican and approve of the "dry" Republican platform, but Cyprus brandy is so invigorating that when I am in Cyprus this winter I know I shall feel obliged to vote for Smith. The human race is entertaining whether in Greece or in the U. S. A.

H. M. Carpenter.

New York city, August 26.

In 'Sconset.

There is no mortgage on our shack
Nor on the garden where we rove
In 'Sconset, where the only lack
Is space inside the house to move.

The Sheriff is a friend of mine
And to my friendly call gives ears;
He knows my bids are genuine—
A sucker known to auctioneers.

The Judge sits friendly on my step;
My fate is safe within his reach,
For his decisions never yet
Compelled the Sheriff to make search.

For bottles that he knows are there,
Come only from the A. & P.
The friendliness of such a pair
Insures my peace of mind, you see.

I get no kick from having booze,
Compared to buying things unique
The Sheriff sells, yet I can't use:
A lot of junk he calls "antique".

I cannot house them if I buy
And have not placed a mortgage yet—
I have no room: it's also why
The Judge sits friendly on my step.

—H. Manning Carpenter.

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Jul 14 '28

Travel on a Greek Liner Rather Novel.

June, the month of tours, of vacations abroad! Today those of us who have been abroad know the attendant excitement, the exhileration felt in starting out on the first trip. Our experiences are about the same.

Over the Northern route many of the passengers are old travellers; the one opposite at the dining table is making his 46th trip, never the 4th or 5th—that passenger doesn't exist. Many are going on Cooks or other Tourist parties, but they don't let the fact out until the agent comes abroad at Callais and herds them together.

Or, on the Southern Route, nine-tenths are going abroad for the first time, claiming to come from Chicago, New York or other large cities, but on further acquaintance we find that they have come from some little unknown burg near the city they claimed to hail from.

By the end of five days we have become better acquainted with the passengers and have named them according to their characteristics. Over the Southern Route the journey is broken by a stop at the Azores, Gilbraltar and Algiers, so that we have a chance to stretch our legs, but travel on a Greek liner is an experience foreign to most Americans for it caters almost solely to Greeks who come from and go to their native land and want nothing to interfere.

And so travel on a Greek liner does not offer the thrill of ever-changing panorama at the different ports, but a steady drum, drum of the engines, the ceaseless wash of the waves and the roll of the ocean that makes of the boat a gigantic cradle that lulls one into a rest that is not needed. It dulls the mind and atrophies the brain so that one feels neither inclined to read nor write, nor inclination to talk. It is the atmosphere of smoke and dreams and curiosity.

For we are to be on the water nearly three weeks in a Greek atmosphere. The boat is Greek from keel to topmast; the crew is Greek; the passengers Greek; the stewards Greek; the menu Greek; the food and wine Greek and even the seven dogs and innumerable cats aboard talk and sing in Greek. And every passenger is bringing back to the homeland a phonograph for his family, and they play Greek records all day and all night!

Greek music is neither Eastern or Western; it is Greek. The ship's doctor has run Greek records for four days without a break, evidently for a purpose. To an American it is a combination of a gale through a house, a xylophone, a relentless cat and a couple of Pappas sung now and then. They can be run backwards and forwards without offending further the American ear.

How They Do Things Over in Sunny Italy.

Those who toured Europe this summer are now at their home firesides, contemplating with pleasure their newly-framed photographs of St. Marks Church in Venice, Venus De Milo in her old pose, a colored reproduction of the Aurora, and The Coliseum done in sepia.

These "sittin' room" favorites are merely suggestive of other days, and bring to the mind a thousand and one scenes of activity that passed before the eyes; activities strange and unusual—and smells. An evening's trip on the Grand Canal is a delight to the senses, but that short-cut through the back canals on a hot summer's evening, dark and grewsome with crabs creeping up from the ill-smelling water upon the green scum that clings to the towering house walls, for the tide has fallen—how that clings to the memory!

Tourists report that Italians are naturally lazy. Not at all; they are up all night. The Italian is a natural night owl; he can't afford a piano, but most all can afford a guitar, and drinks are cheap. Those who lie about door-steps in picturesque attitudes are making up for activities of the night before. Anyone who thinks all Italians have melodious voices should try to sleep in a room adjoining the place where they harness gondolas over night. Gondoliers sleep afternoons, but their time for argument is at 4.30 a. m. and nothing has yet been found that will shut them up.

Florence is a delight to the tourist. His drive from the station to his hotel starts with a great crackling of whips—veritable pistol shots—as each cabbie starts out with his fare; but alas, the horse is knee-sprung, accustomed to torture like his old Paris brother, and meanders along at a deadly monotonous gait that throws hysterics into those who want to catch trains. The only purpose in visiting Florence is to buy thimbles on the old Vecchio bridge.

"Mismated teams" is not a specialty of Italy, but she keeps close to tradition. Horses and jackasses; generally one horse to two jackasses, make up the equipment, but the two latter must never be of one size; usually one is small enough to walk completely underneath the other. Bulls and horses make a good combination in Italian eyes. Jacks, preferred, applies only when the "Jack" is small enough. then he is hitched to a cart having two wheels, each not less that five foot across, and the entire family gets aboard. How the diminutive animals manage to pull these huge carts is a constant mystery to the tourist.

On the express from Naples to Rome, the cars have long corridors, upon which all the compartments open. The American tourists stand here in a long line and smoke in peace, while taking in the passing scenery. A New England farmer, over for the first time, had stood for an hour without speaking. Presently he said: "Are you impressed as strongly as I am, with the amount of lost motion there is here?"

Within five days after landing this man had discovered the greatest weakness of Continental Europe. These people have done one thing in one way for so many centuries it never occurs to them to change it.

The amount of wasted energy put out by individuals is amazing. Department stores throughout the continent require the sales-lady to accompany the purchaser to a recording cashier, thence to the wrapper, leaving meanwhile a very busy counter where she is needed. Local steamers on the whole coast of Italy require passengers to get into small boats, along with chickens, produce and other passengers, rather than build a dock. In a rain storm this is appreciated, particularly when the boat stops in the open roadstead.

On the coast of Ischia, a fairly large island off the western coast of Italy, is a small circular and beautiful harbor through which enters the local steamer, which is nothing less than a beautiful yacht. The steamer backs around within ten feet of the retaining wall. The town surrounds this harbor and the natives all line up to see the new arrivals.

A plank run ashore would facilitate landing, but no, the seamen's union requires that row-boats be used, and

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g on the wall" on our
and excluded the yellow
vn races, our whole East-
as remained unprotected,
we were unable to see
on the surface.
H. Manning Carpenter.
, Sept. 28.

The immigrants passing thr
Ellis island last year represente
different nations, according to a
cent statement on the social wor
the island.

President Harding in a procl
ation made public last Sunday at
White House sets aside the week
December 3 to 9 as American I
cation Week.

Alterations in a cold storage p
in Zillah, Wash., uncovered t
boxes of apples that had been
chilled for five years. The fru
in excellent condition.

Abram Everett, of Worce
Mass., cast his 72nd State ballo
went on record as Worcester's
voter at the recent election.
voted for 18 Presidents. T
brated his 94th anniversary
ber 4th.

Boston school teachers w
referendum for equal pay v
employed in the same duties
was only after a fight that
intensity, from the teacher
point at least, with that betw
ton and Lodge.

Forty black foxes valued at
were stolen from the farm
Tood at Easton, Me. The
entered a pen where the foxes
about a quarter mile from the
and killed and carried away t
imals, leaving no trace of their
tity.

Residents of the island of C
hunk, at the mouth of Buzzards
have had the fuel situation made
for them. The State sold them
of coal at cost after the abandon
of the Penikese leper colony, and
a British schooner, loaded with
coal, has been wrecked on a reef n
by.

A rope 19 feet long, made of 3
ground squirrel tails, was rece
shipped to the Bureau of Biolog
Survey of the United States Dep
ment of Agriculture. It was m
by the Blackfoot Indians who
near Browning, Montana. Fift
hundred of the pests were killed
the Indians during the spring a
summer.

One-third of the fools in the cou
think they can beat a lawyer e
One-half thin
healing th
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t the edi-

How They Do Things Over in Sunny Italy.

Continued From First Page

so with great deliberation these boats accommodating ten are rowed a distance of thirty feet to a lowered gangway, and then rowed back again. The oars are a formality only; the landing fee is 1½ cents, yet this island, as large as Nantucket and thickly populated, stands for this imposture without complaint.

Just as Nantucket people would complain of such service, so American tourists complain of it. Such complaints are responded to with con-
mpt, for a change of custom is in-
ceivable to the average continent-
H
mericans may get mixed up in
opean customs and sing "God save
weasel" or "Pop goes the King,"
they won't stand for inconveni-
ity.

e War, however, has made some
ges despite Europe. Before the
chicken known as "poulet" and
lette" were served twice a day.
ulet" service was so persistent a
ming tourist once stood on the
of a steamer about to leave Cher-
g and called out:

"If you people have any "poulets"
t, bring them on. I think, though,
t I ate them all."

Apparently the war consumed most
them, for veal is served in its
ead, and with equal persistence.
here is also a recklessness with elec-
ic lights never before known. Most
talian hotels lighted up room after
om as a guest wandered about the
round floor, but once leaving a room,
he light was extinguished; now they
hey don't bother.

Anyone leaving for home via Na-
les will remember the execrable
avements, made of tufa rock, origi-
ally sawed from cold lava in pieces
bout two feet square. These have
een allowed to tilt at all angles and
ten-minute ride in the droskys'
ulled by tiny but wonderfully strong
tallions, will shake every other
rouble completely out of one's anat-
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cheerful
n Naples,
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Carpenter.

Thoughts

483 until twenty years ago. It is be-
veen the Adriatic and Servia, and
orth of Montenegro, which touches
e coast.

The little town was lit with lamps,
e place was denuded of trees ages
o, the whole people were poverty
ricken and Turkish tobacco and for-
n little goats were their mainstay.
One night the little town was gaily
with an electric light mounted on
ruck, stationed outside a circular
t; a movie show had come to town.
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atted Turk-fashion alongside the
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very, stock yards, western plains,
all we like to show that excited
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it was beyond comprehension,
tling and, in the minds of these
poverty-stricken people, a "close up"
of Heaven. Then came the announce-
ment that they were invited to go
there.

121

NTUCKET, MAS

Experience Anent igration Problem.

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H. Manning Carpenter.
, Sept. 28.

That "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver" is still remembered in Naples, the home of the professional beggar. Italy has, however, grown most prosperous since the war; her beggars are hardly in evidence; her best hotels, which were formerly noted for their royal patronage, are now filled with well-to-do Italians. Her "Fascisti," which is an organization of her best people, have completely routed the socialist, communist and bolshevik, and it is today a delightful country for tourists.

There has never been so many tourists in Italy as this summer. Rome was the Mecca where there seemed to be never less than 10,000 Americans on hand. They over-ran the ruins to such a degree that the government will have to create an entirely new set of them if this is to continue.

H. Manning Carpenter.

New York, Nov. 13.

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One night the little town was gaily lit with an electric light mounted on a truck, stationed outside a circular tent; a movie show had come to town.

I paid down my ten heller and squatted Turk-fashion alongside the peasantry, who were dressed in glorified pajamas, or Turkish trousers (fully six feet wide on the clothes line) and all were smoking cigarettes (ten for a cent). With the first flash arose exclamations of mingled awe and astonishment, and there, to my surprise, stood the Flat-iron Building.

Then followed Niagara Falls, the Bowery, stock yards, western plains, and all we like to show that excited amazement. But their jaws dropped when they saw our farming machinery; it was beyond comprehension, startling and, in the minds of these poverty-stricken people, a "close up" of Heaven. Then came the announcement that they were invited to go there.

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H. Manning Carpenter.

, Sept. 28.

Inquirer
Oct 1/21
NANTUCKET, MASS

Interesting Experience Anent the Immigration Problem.

One year, while wandering through the Balkan States, I got into the little country of Herzegovina—so small, in fact, I didn't know it existed. The people were Slavs, but controlled by Austria, and the remnant of Turkish families there came from those Turks who had controlled the place from 1483 until twenty years ago. It is between the Adriatic and Servia, and north of Montenegro, which touches the coast.

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, Sept. 28.

It did not take me long to discover that the whole thing was the device of a steamship company to solicit steerage and they were drumming up trade. I remained in the town for several days, watched the agent at work, saw the bustling crowd sell out their few belongings, have themselves ticketed, and leave town with box and bundle for Fiume, the seaport, on fourth-class cars.

We have seen great hordes of immigrants enter this country, not a few from this country and a few more from that, but great crowds from sections where advance agents are at work.

The steamships must make money and steerage is that part where the real profit lies. The question of immigration must include thorough consideration of steamship interests and their influence. The sense of fairness and our ignorance of characteristics that dominate the several nations, has allowed the influx of many who cannot, because of their inherited ways, ever assimilate our ways.

Our "melting pot" is a joke if we think it eliminates national characteristics, and although we have seen "the writing on the wall" on our Pacific coast and excluded the yellow and the brown races, our whole Eastern coast has remained unprotected, just because we were unable to see the yellow on the surface.

H. Manning Carpenter.

New York, Sept. 28.

The 'Sconset House Has Its Peculiar Individuality.

This summer I built me a house in 'Sconset. Any 'Sconseter will acknowledge the fact I did the building; even anxiously, in order to avoid responsibility for it.

Building a 'Sconset house is an art; subtle, indefinable and only capable of creation by the true 'Sconseter. An architect has as much chance of success as a surveyor who tries to design women's gowns. Of course an architect thinks he can, but the result is like measuring clothes for fat women by triangulation; he goes past the mark and lays out the whole house in advance. This is his weak point.

'Sconset houses are built without plans and follow neither rule, law nor order. They were made before levels, as everyone knows who owns one. The kitchen floor of our old Shell street house tilts so we keep a rope handy to pull out casual visitors who drop in, just to see it. The house has no sills; they departed long before Asa Jones' wife sold yeast from the only cellar in 'Sconset; in fact, sills do not seem necessary.

For the sides, of course shingles are necessary, and they involve the main expense. To really build 'Sconset style, several tools are necessary: a hatchet and a nail puller, a try square and a plumb bob. The hatchet squares up around the doors and helps drive shingles into joints that don't come together. The nail puller is used when nails stick out too far in the room. The try square is to learn if the lumber company trues up the ends of its boards and the plumb bob keeps corners from becoming too erratic.

For material, save up some lumber. An old barn sometimes gives an excellent start. One old shell properly filled out now produces $400 rent per season. Doors, and openings for windows are determined by the length of lumber used. If it comes within two feet of the corner, put a door in that corner. No two windows need be, and seldom are, of the same size. Their location is determined by the residue of the lumber, which is used to fill in between a door, or a corner.

After the main structure is under headway, keep a lookout for a spare shed and fasten this next a corner. This forms a "wart". If the roof is too low, it matters little; let them stoop.

Next, take the wash tub, mop, broom and such appliances and lean them up against the house, then build around them.

Of course all these several structures added one to another is not done all at once; the addition is made when there is spare lumber.

The roofs will be found to be of different heights; this is a valuable feature, for no one knows how the roof is going to work out. It is a splendid puzzle and the answer is found by making them all of different angles; anything, in fact, that sheds water.

Building the 'Sconset house is a delightful recreation. The addition of a wash tub, a new stove or an antique, means the addition of another "wart" and the last receptacle for these things becomes a guest chamber.

'Sconset, unlike Nantucket, is not burdened with beach bungalows. It possesses no mail order put togethers. Designs from the Ladies' Home Journal are as likely to appear there as a police parade in Nantucket.

Chimneys are the weak spots, however; 'Sconset wind is as likely to go down them as up, while the sea sand cement before long permits it to go through sidewise as well. That is why we use oil stoves, why fire insurance is too high and why fire hydrants have got to come. The new water standpipe is about the size really needed in order to make 'Sconset wind behave itself.

Most of the real 'Sconset houses are owned by islanders, as they should be, for they remain reasonably safe from painting and frills. A few small shingles, now and then, makes 'Sconset houses over again.

The 'Sconset house has a personality no numbering system could possibly intrude. As well number individuals. Each house has a name, sometimes rather ridiculous, to be sure, but the personality is unmistakable. Its character is like that of the antique; hand made and without ostentation.

It is made to be used, and a home. It expresses the personality of the owner. Never was it said of the 'Sconset house by a visitor: "This is a fine house, but how did you come to build it; it is not like you." "Oh, well," the reply, "that is true, but I understand the technique of the design is excellent and the architect is very well satisfied."

house in 'Sconset.
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back yard and his
t one can hear the
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Most of [illegible] are owne[illegible] should [illegible] ably [illegible] fe[illegible]

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There is a small house in 'Sconset. The owner is part of it. His cats and his cows, his back yard and his horses are so quiet one can hear the grass grow about them. In the evening one can see the smoke curl upwards from the chimney top. It is home.

H. M. Carpenter.

'Sconset, October 7.

/25

Howe's School Stirs Nantucket

Natives See Foundations of Island and Republic Endangered.

Special Dispatch to THE SUN.

NANTUCKET, Mass., Sept. 26.—To say that this world famous island is somewhat het up over Frederic Howe's "School of Opinion" at Siasconset is putting it mildly.

Residents of the island, or many of them, are not sure but that their patriotism is at stake if they make no protest against the school, which is regarded as altogether too radical to be in line with the things that Nantucketers have always believed in.

Just to show that they thought something ought to be done about it there was a big patriotic mass meeting at the Unitarian Church on Monday night at which Mr. Howe heard for himself just how his school is regarded here. The Rev. Josiah Kent, pastor of the church, presided at the meeting. F. G. R. Gordon of Boston was the principal speaker, and Mrs. Anna Paddock Ford told of the purposes of a new organization called "Sentinels of the Republic." The anti-radical speeches were received with great enthusiasm.

All through the summer meetings have been held at the "school" which has its headquarters at the Tavern on the Moors, which is located a short distance west of Siasconset on the State road. This building and others in the vicinity are owned by Mr. Howe.

Fear Ridicule of Island.

Some quotations from talks and speeches delivered at he "school" circulating around the island from time to time caused the native Nantucketers to sit up and take notice. They wondered if something wasn't growing up in their midst opposed to their ideas of good Americanism and which might sort of bring ridicule on the island. Discussion ran high as to the actual purposes of the "school," not only among Nantucketers but among the summer visitors.

Some of the summer folks went to the "school" meetings and some were violently opposed to them. Families among the visitors were temporarily at odds over the matter in some cases, but the islanders were almost unanimous in opposing the radical meetings. One member of a very old Nantucket family scandalized the island by going over to the "school."

"We don't want this sort of thing here, and we don't intend to have it. We believe that Mr. Howe is trying to set up a sort of Socialist Chautauqua on the island." This was the statement of one of the old Nantucketers who oppose the "School of Opinion," and it voices the majority sentiment among the islanders.

Frederic Howe, who will be remembered as United States Immigration Commissioner at New York under President Wilson, has been a summer visitor at Siasconset for several years. Among the speakers who have been heard at the "school" during the summer are Prof. E. G. Conklin of Princeton University, Dr. Everett Dean Martin, the director of the People's Institute, New York; Prof. Harry W. Overstreet of the College of the City of New York James Harvey Robinson, author of "The Mind in the Making"; Miss Louise Fargo Brown of Vassar College, James G. McDonald, chairman of the Foreign Policies Association, and Miss Mary Sheepshanks, former principal of Morley College, London, England.

During the past few years there has been a tremendous upheaval in social life, and this has effected great changes in all classes, including those who wear white collars. Of these a few of the elect refer modestly to themselves as the "intellectuals." Just what hit these people they never knew, but they are awakening to the fact that the tea wagon is no more and their social life requires that they develop a refined "self service," for the serving class seems to have stacked the cards and now disports in automobiles.

This is quite disconcerting, so what is more natural and appropriate than to retire to Charlie Pitman's hay loft and talk it over? As their clothes have been stolen it is quite proper to discuss the social upheaval that did it, but no malice attends it; rather is the discussion calculated to point out how their shirts may be taken also. This mental process is possible only to "intellectuals," whose art lies in their ability to express simple matters in complicated and erudite terms. As one speaker confidentially admitted: "Us socialists make a profound study of our internal umbilicus."

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Siasconset's "School of Opinion."

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Mark Twain was always interested in the devil; in fact, he wanted to meet him and shake him by the tail, for, he said, "a personality with acknowledged control of four-fifths of the human race, and political head of the whole of it, must be granted extraordinary powers."

Now the devil seems to have shown up in Nantucket—the socialist devil, and everybody is wondering what's going to happen, for a "school of opinion" has started in Charlie Pitman's old barn out in 'Sconset and there is some fear that socialism is to be fostered there.

Now Nantucket has no fear of "opinion;" in fact, opinion just naturally leaks in Nantucket as freely as 'Sconset roofs leak water, but opinions calculated to upset American traditions will surely be ascribed to the devices of the devil.

During the past few years there has been a tremendous upheaval in social life, and this has effected great changes in all classes, including those who wear white collars. Of these a few of the elect refer modestly to themselves as the "intellectuals." Just what hit these people they never knew, but they are awakening to the fact that the tea wagon is no more and their social life requires that they develop a refined "self service," for the serving class seems to have stacked the cards and now disports in automobiles.

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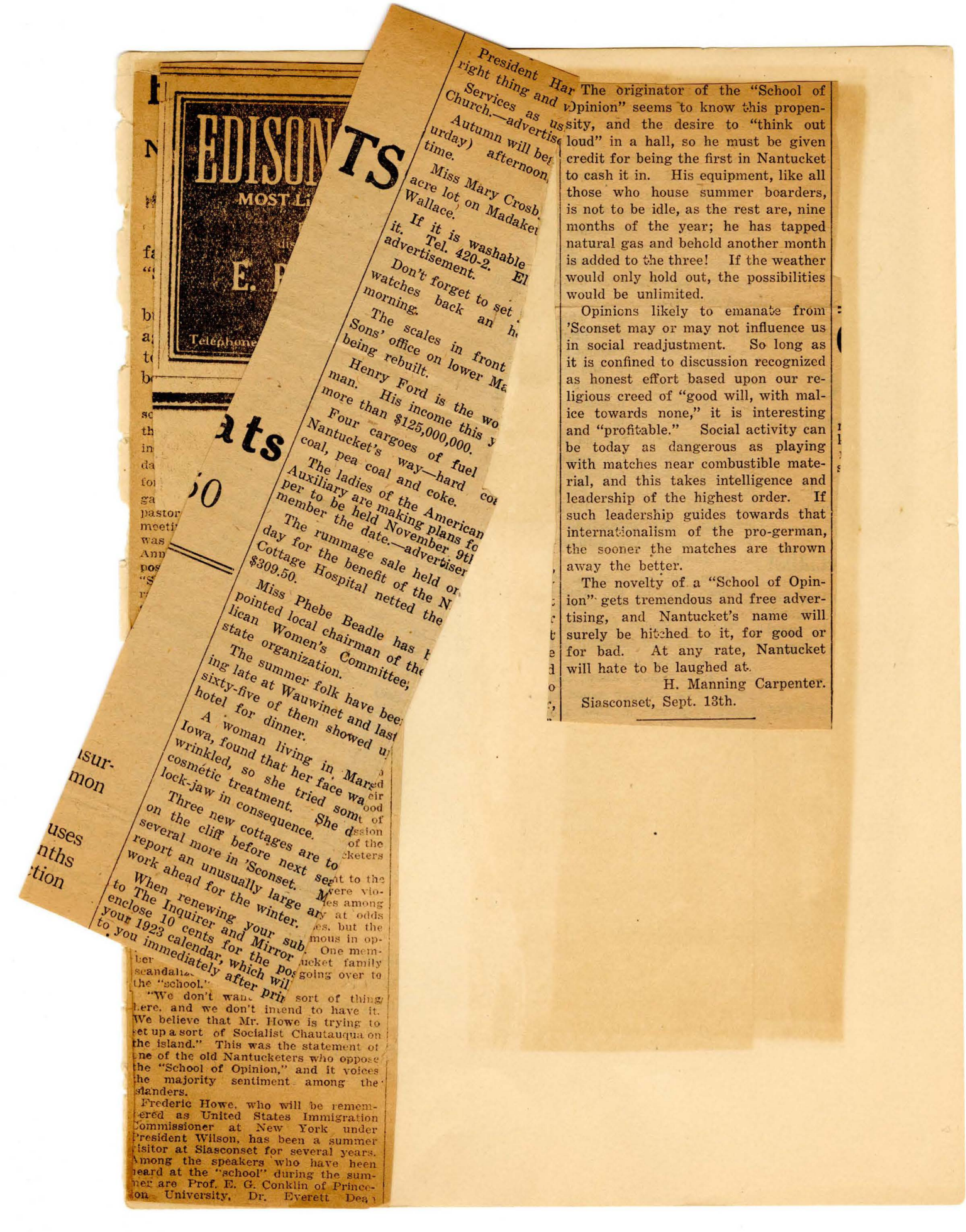

The originator of the "School of Opinion" seems to know this propensity, and the desire to "think out loud" in a hall, so he must be given credit for being the first in Nantucket to cash it in. His equipment, like all those who house summer boarders, is not to be idle, as the rest are, nine months of the year; he has tapped natural gas and behold another month is added to the three! If the weather would only hold out, the possibilities would be unlimited.

Opinions likely to emanate from 'Sconset may or may not influence us in social readjustment. So long as it is confined to discussion recognized as honest effort based upon our religious creed of "good will, with malice towards none," it is interesting and "profitable." Social activity can be today as dangerous as playing with matches near combustible material, and this takes intelligence and leadership of the highest order. If such leadership guides towards that internationalism of the pro-german, the sooner the matches are thrown away the better.

The novelty of a "School of Opinion" gets tremendous and free advertising, and Nantucket's name will surely be hitched to it, for good or for bad. At any rate, Nantucket will hate to be laughed at.

H. Manning Carpenter.

Siasconset, Sept. 13th.

President Har
right thing and
Services as us
Church.—advertis
Autumn will be
urday) afternoon,
time.

Miss Mary Crosb
acre lot on Madaket
Wallace.

If it is washable
it. Tel. 420-2.
advertisement. El

Don't forget to set
watches back an h
morning.

The scales in front
Sons' office on lower Ma
being rebuilt.

Henry Ford is the wo
man. His income this y
more than $125,000,000.

Four cargoes of fuel
Nantucket's way—hard
coal, pea coal and coke.

The ladies of the American
Auxiliary are making plans fo
per to be held November 9th
member the date.—advertiser

The rummage sale held or
day for the benefit of the N
Cottage Hospital netted the
$309.50.

Miss Phebe Beadle has b
pointed local chairman of the
lican Women's Committee;
state organization.

The summer folk have bee
ing late at Wauwinet and last
sixty-five of them showed u
hotel for dinner.

A woman living in Mars
Iowa, found that her face wa
wrinkled, so she tried some
cosmetic treatment. She
lock-jaw in consequence.

Three new cottages are to
on the cliff before next sea
several more in 'Sconset.
report an unusually large a
work ahead for the winter.

When renewing your sub
to The Inquirer and Mirror
enclose 10 cents for the pos
your 1923 calendar, which wil
to you immediately after pri

"We don't want sort of thing
here, and we don't intend to have it.
We believe that Mr. Howe is trying to
set up a sort of Socialist Chautauqua on
the island." This was the statement of
one of the old Nantucketers who oppose
the "School of Opinion," and it voices
the majority sentiment among the
islanders.

Frederic Howe, who will be remem-
bered as United States Immigration
Commissioner at New York under
President Wilson, has been a summer
visitor at Siasconset for several years.
Among the speakers who have been
heard at the "school" during the sum-
mer are Prof. E. G. Conklin of Prince-
ton University, Dr. Everett Dea

Oct 11/22

Fate.

"Oh, why did Heaven make me fat?"
(My pudgy friend's lament)
"Don't criticize the Lord," I said,
"For what you can prevent."
She asked me what I meant.
"Put fudge and cream and chocolate
cake
And puddings off your list,
And ummy yum napoleons
You simply must resist.
Among these great temptations
Let me warn you to beware
Of the oogly oozly gumpy goozly
Lushy sqush eclair."

She wrote a few months afterward:
"I'm married now, you see,
But when our meal times come around
What will become of me?
For 'Listen, Kate,' says he:

'Put fudge and cream and chocolate
cake
And pudding on your list,
You know those nice napoleons
I simply can't resist.
And right around the corner, Kate,
The baker sells in pairs
Those oogly oozly gumpty goozly
Lushy sqush eclairs.' "

MARJORIE DIVEN.

Why Not?

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: A lady asks admission for her son to my private school. I submit her request, given verbatim and without comment:

"My boy is seven years old and is now sufficiently clever to be able 'to put one over'; he is therefore ready for school."

Shall I accept the boy?

HEADMASTER.

New York, Sept. 26, 1922.

Tribune

Correspondent Appreciates Nantucket's Reflector.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

The Nantucket Mirror in its pink kimona hits New York Tuesday mornings, and if it is lucky it gets in the Monday evening's mail. It is a safe bet to wager that the Mirror will be selected out of the whole batch of great metropolitan dailies available, and read from Louis Coffin's knit underwear to the white shelf paper always tucked in the last corner of the back page.

Why is this so? Because the Mirror reflects intimate interest in a wholly American community where it is impossible to heave a brick and hit a person not intimately related to all the other Islanders.

The Metropolitan sheet reports plenty of "human interest," but it is too large, too far away, for the reader to have personal interest in the escapades of foreigners; it is only when he reads of the happening in his own locality that he awakens from the indolent effort to wade through the great sheets before it is time to go to bed.

Knowledge of this local interest is commercialized by a group of Park Row loungers: One of them buys an afternoon paper, scans it through for a fire, murder or other live subject which interests some outlying town. When it is found, the gang buy up several dozen copies and go out there. They cover the local district bawling at the top of their lungs, and sell out at ten cents a copy. Sometimes it is difficult to pick out the article that occasioned all the racket.

Murders, brawls and divorces may be thrillers but we have been fed up on them, particularly in the movies, and they are not necessary to secure human interest. John Killen's old three master is a masterpiece that will be remembered years hence by every boy and girl born in Nantucket; the miscellaneous "want" column has real heart interest, for it offers up a daily prayer for someone to take away that which someone else doesn't want, while giving a glimpse into domestic affairs.

An auction sale of household goods is a social function, and every tin can and bedstead gives a chance for reminiscences.

Miller Brothers codfish is a symbol of Nantucket domesticity, while the doings of the Pacific Club endear it to the hearts of many whom the members never know.

The size of the Mirror is ludicrously large compared to the compact little "Daily News," New York's illustrated newspaper, but its size is indication of frankness; it is large and square, suggestive of its American principles, and the character of its clippings are evidence of it.

The Mirror is read from front to back with an interest impossible to secure to the greatest daily, for it is a reflection of a homely and contented domestic life unruffled by the surging human forces always at work in a large city.

H. Manning Carpenter.

New York city,
June 24th.

Sept. Mirror

Grateful of Privilege of Living on Nantucket.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Once, in Holland, I was introduced to a native who not only spoke English, but slang. I asked him where he got it, and he said "In Skowhegan, Maine." "What in the world were you doing up there," I enquired, "there's no money up that way!" "O I wasn't up there for that purpose, my wife and I were studying the natives." "Well," said I, "you are a curiosity. Nobody I ever heard of ever went to the States for any other purpose than to make money. Tell me what you found out."

I received a most amusing account of the customs and habits of those whom we know so well, but what was of real value, was his unbiased statement that, having lived in the several countries of Europe and Asia, solely for the purpose of studying human nature, he should say: "You know when living in close contact with people, one naturally notes their worst characteristics, but to come to know a people, one must note the characteristics we value, such as sincerity, kindliness, courtesy, square dealing and the like. We really found more of these qualities in the people of Skowhegan, than any other place on earth."

Now my Holland friend was doing what I had done for years, particularly in Europe, and he had detected the underlying characteristics of true New England life, with sincerity as the keynote of its conduct and kindliness its thought. Courtesy and kindness is prevalent in Europe, but the finer qualities are evident, after they have gotten what they want.

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ge of living

Carpenter.

Equally my Holland friend could have discovered the same thing on old Nantucket, and in no less degree. These people of yours put into their lives those elements which insure honest living amongst us. They may know all the elements of economic life, quick to take advantage, quicker to "put it over," and artists in producing little for something most substantial, but these economic elements are found wherever the human being exists, and is a part of him.

Orange paint, and half a waffle for 5 cents is not a Nantucket product, but it suggests, and Nantucketers have healthy imagination.

Thirty dollar rooms and fifty cent fish is not conducive to the health of a modest pocket-book, so that the economic situation may hurt the island in the eyes of those off-islanders who live with their hands on or in their pocket, or someone else's pocket, but these things do not affect those characteristics and living qualities which we like to call manliness which are dominant here.

Nantucket people may feel that the "off islander" comes here for the benefit of its climate, but there are amongst us those who detect and equally appreciate, respect and enjoy the esteem and good will of your people, and for that reason are especially grateful for the privilege of living on Nantucket.

H. Manning Carpenter.

'Sconset, August, 1921.

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crepe, combined wit
a lace veil. She
bouquet of Killarney
breath. Her siste
rose organdy with
and carried ophelia
J. Holland of Ashla
mate of Mr. Sadler
was best man. Edw
of Portland, Maine, a
Reardon of Fitchbu
mates, and W. Kennet
Bedford were ushers.

The Bridal Chorus
and Mendelsohn's W
were played as proce
cessional, respectively,
ria" was sung by W.
A wedding breakfast
mediately after the ce
Nesbitt Inn at Nantuc

The reception was h
nett home, with the
standing under an arch
and clematis. The de
gladioli, clematis and
young man's gift to hi
necklace of pearls. To
he gave a gold penci
ushers solid gold tie pin
gave her bridesmaid
Guests were present fr
Maine, Boston, Fitchbu
Ashland, N. H., and Ne

After a wedding trip
son, to Lake Champlain
ada, Mr. and Mrs. Sadler
240 Third street, Fall F
Mr. Sadler is a teacher ir
uation school.—N. B. Sta

Enterprise Thinks Started a Scra

From the Brockton Ente

The Vineyard Gazette q
the Enterprise a paragra
Nantucket claim that the fl

One of your customers is advertising for the return of his Stillson wrench, taken presumably some time prior to last week. Though not unusual for a Stillson to be permanently "borrowed", it is unusual to advertise for its return.

Among tools, the Stillson wrench has an alluring and potential personality wholly unlike other implements. A man can leave his entire battery of tools out in the street with safety, but the Stillson is as unsafe among them as a bottle of Scotch.

Some years ago I invested in my first "Stillson". It was a bright new 10-inch wrench and disappeared over night; it evaporated, as they say over in 'Sconset. I bought another and that, too, went. I was on the point of buying them by the dozen, but my philosophy taught me there was nothing to be gained by it, so I hid the next one. That lasted nearly two years, but ultimately took wings.

Every time I see a man on the street carrying a stillson, I am almost impelled to say to him as I would to a drunk: "Where did you get it?"

Now one might say: "Who would take it? Probably someone who uses tools"; but that does not necessarily follow. For example: would a dentist take it? Well, for his ordinary work he would not have occasion to use it, except possibly when he had a tough molar to pull; but that is not probable.

No lady would take it, for she wouldn't know what to do with it. She might think it was to crack nuts with, but it would not prove satisfactory. She is familiar with the hammer, or the broom, or the rolling pin, which is better adapted to that purpose, but the Stillson will not appeal to her. This lets out half the population.

No fisherman would want it, except to open quahogs; in fact, no one but a plumber might seem to want it, but no plumber ever has a stillson worth borrowing and one could search them in vain for a stillson worth advertising for.

In ancient times when people had servants, sometimes someone would leave money lying around carelessly, just to make sure the servants were honest, but no one ever heard of their leaving a stillson wrench lying about. There are limitations in human character which our ancestors apparently knew.

A stillson wrench left to itself is as unreliable as a street cat; it is loyal to no owner; it can disappear as quickly as a hundred dollars in Florida, and seldom ever comes back.

Your advertiser can have one satisfaction, however: if his own does not return, whoever possesses it now won't be able to keep it very long.

H. M. Carpenter

Bring Back My Big Wrench!

Someone has borrowed my big Stillson Wrench and I have need for it. Will the person who has it kindly return it as soon as possible, and oblige

Yours truly,

Thomas Warren.

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...E BUD—THE WIT
HEr.' ,"soy1Fq

ROBERT

By H. L. Manning.

TODAY he is sought as an after-dinner orator, and all on account of his wit.

He exhibited the talent when a youngster of twelve and edited his school paper with great success. Hardly a day passed that did not find Robert off in the corner relating fantastic yarns to a bunch of towzled heads close together as though in secret conference, with arms carelessly thrown about each other's shoulders.

And his stories were seemingly without end, for a vivid imagination was at play and the sparkling flashes of wit gave zest to his wildest yarns. but he was naturally timid [illegible] elders were ever [illegible] joining the charmed circle.

Robert's popularity with h[illegible] "dear old German professor" suddenly ceased one day, and he was never able to regain it. and it took a long time for me to discover the cause, for the dignified old gentleman absolutely refused to discuss it. Robert evaded it.

Two days before I had succeeded in loosening up the professor's dignity enough to have him accompany twelve boys, Robert included, [illegible] visit the coal mines. He was instructed to watch their clothing particularly in the hotel where they remained over night lest they forget to collect it.

On the way out, the boys behaved admirably and the old professor was delighted; still he warned them that he would hold them strictly responsible for the care of their belongings. "Let's fine the boy who forgets, professor," said Robert. "Certainly, that's a capital idea. Remember therefore that whoever leaves anything behind shall have to pay a serious penalty."

And they went through the coal mines to the great delight of all.

* * *

The following morning after breakfast, just before leaving for the station, the hotel clerk beckoned Herr Professor to the desk: "The room girl brought down these pajamas found in one of your rooms."

"Ahem," ejaculated the old gentleman, "Somebody's got to pay for his thoughtlessness," and off he went to the luggage room, with the pajamas rolled tightly in a newspaper.

Robert strolled past the desk: "One of you kids is going to catch it, the old man has his pajamas," said the clerk. And Robert got busy.

A committee of three induced their dear teacher to step out onto the sidewalk and kept up rapid fire conversation while Robert was occupied.

The pajamas were secured and returned to the owner; but Robert's wit was at work, and he re-rolled a package in the same newspaper and secretly returned it to the original hiding place.

* * *

The car was crowded; the boys animated but quiet: Herr Professor strolled, beaming from boy to boy: "Well, boys, what's the penalty?" "Ice cream for the crowd, sir, yes, sir, yes, sir!" The grip was brought down from the rack; the whole car was interested: It was opened, the paper unwrapped, and Robert's dear old German Professor unrolled his own pajamas!

Of course, the menu is Greek and after scanning the card with a look of intelligence we wait to see what is arriving at the other tables. Really a menu is not needed for there is no choice.

The principal in Greek cooking lies in the disguising the original flavor with other flavors, but behind Gati, veaus, roti and other delectables is this dietary masqurade one expects to come from the original nanny goat. An essential feature of Greek cooking lies in the liberal use of olive oil, until we feel that national pride that produced "Made in Germany", "Made in France" and the like will suggest "Oiled in Greece". It is also the only nation in the world that believes it can make soup out of lemons.

Then there is the Radio; and the daily newspaper. But the trouble is that radio dispatches sent out from Rugby are in English and the operator can't understand a word of it. He is thoroughly honest, however, and the ship's paper gotten out at 12 each day contains gems of English. Here is an exact transcript from the Rugby station:

"Eidhseis Kai Ponitika Nea: Fornspot 7 L stop baltchic 113 Roydutch paris 123.95 cotton americanliverpool 51 1-2 americayyiiyg 63 marlaydoil 56 1-4.

Today's football league first division derby two villa three bury eye weather in two hudderfield yil eveytey yil. Washington ceytyeus coolige states britians action seyding warship hafers protect british citizens change newyork 4.85 5-32 berlin 20.45 meets his approval."

As so, we get British and American news right up to date.

"Death occured old brownpton miss Matilda obrien aged 87 six former pupils won victory cross mabel jay doyly carte star dies full stop end wireless press."

The French news was equally illuminating for it was delivered in French.

Soon the Nauen radio is picked up and German news delivered though not a passenger on board can speak German.

There are notables of one sort or another on board who have broken the monotony of the long trip, but there comes a revival of the spirit when the piercing golden rays of the sun flash on the African Hills which, but a few moments before were in black silhouette. Now they show themselves through the blue gauze of haze to lap, one behind another, sharply outlining themselves in irregular skyline against the blue above. They pass, hour after a few miles of glassy sea. The sun rises higher, the curtain of vapor lies lightly upon the sea, while above, small villages appear midway between sea and skyline.

Like the artist who paints only what he sees, one peoples these Arab villages dotting shore and hillside—often miles apart—with the fantasies of the Arabian nights, but once having travelled these hills he knows the poverty that exists along the deeply cut ravines and the hard life gained from the tired soil.

Part II

Human anatomy contains exceedingly strong muscles about the abdomen but we never think of these until the second day out. In an attempt to live on food wholly Greek one may expect to lose considerable weight, but it comes as a great surprise to learn it can be lost all at one time.

There are always notables of one sort or another aboard a Greek ship: A "Metropolitan" (a Priest) of the Greek church is returning to his orphanage with gifts garnered from Berlin, Paris and New York. There are men daring to return to the homeland, though they have evaded military duty and are likely to be picked up on

their return. All have been gathered as though with a huge rake and thrown together on ship board and they offer constant interest and surprise.

This morning a portly man of fifty blew around the cabin corner of the second deck and abruptly addressed me: "Good morning, sir: I meet you with good pleasure if confined to the term. I assume your domestic arrangements, assignments to the father contractor to reach the stand and point. Well, the third class quarters are not submissive and I don't sleep well. John G. was not responsive; he was an egreist. John G. Rockefeller submitted my United States psychologic report adjusted his first premium cereal overstood,—yes, sir, overstood these policies. The official character in the bad statistics, inefficiency and first statuatory, vitalized, organized—yes, sir, organized these assignments—The water wet? Yes, sir and the air quite dry. Well I will see you in town tonight; Au Revoir, I hasten to give you my card after these wholesome Gynezations. The sea, sir, seems to me most continuous.", and his card, which he later took back, read:

M. Theodore Gramaglos
has the freedom of the yard, 7 to 11 a. m. Alton State Insane Asylum.

Upon leaving port a persistent seagull followed the steamer a whole day, much to the interest of the steerage. The boat had been purchased of the Anchor Line (Scotch) and the crew insisted this seagull was near-sighted and didn't realize what kind of a boat it was following.

At an adjoining table is seated a Greek with his family who proposes to live permanently in his home country. His American wife, little boy of three and girl of five, watch his every move. He alone speaks Greek and they have a Greek waiter. The wife is resigned to living anywhere with her children for her parents and relatives have died. Her face and slightly graying hair show her intent to live successfully with her husband. She watches her children but carefully attends to her husband's demands.

The little girl had a fever all day and the little boy has remained at her side; there are no playthings. Tonight they remain in the lounge under orders while mother is at dinner. They are most obedient and in anticipation of their change of life have been taught to appreciate Greek food.

Soon the little boy comes running to the dining room, siding up to mother: "Mother I sick." He is led back and mother returns almost at once, resigned and smileless.

Childhood has no perspective upon life; its little toy is its world, and mother's understanding of that small field is vital to its cure. But now, the foreign viewpoint needs understanding: these children of hers are to speak a language of which she knows nothing as yet. Are they to be trained in a manner wholly different from that guiding her natural instincts? Are they to become so submissive as to shrink from view; an old time foreign view point? Can a mixed marriage violate natural law and succeed just yet? I wonder.

H. M. Carpenter.

Carpenters Now Touring Through Wales.

Editor of the Inquirer and Mirror:

Llaurhwdrys lies between Llairrust and Llaududue—as it pleases the Welshman to call this simple summer resort. It is as far northwest as I can go, and completes a diagonal trip across Europe from Greece. The persistence of the Welsh in sticking to these names is the persistence of language and afflicts all Europe.

Since the war both Czech and Jugo Slav have reverted to the original tongues and put themselves one hundred years backwards in dealing with the rest of the world. Prejudice against German and in favor of mother tongues outweighs all other considerations here and maintains prejudices wholly unknown to America.

Europe appears to be more sensitive and upset than it was two years ago. Trouble hinges upon Germany. It is an outcast among nations and each and every individual takes a fling at it upon every possible occasion. Between the lines one can see that Germany's greatest Bunco game, the fall of the mark, hit the gambling elements of all Europe and they are sore because they were so completely "taken in."

* * *

The gambling in money is extraordinary; one shops for money the same as for eggs. In border cities within a block there will be 3 or 4 money exchange houses with prices that vary as much as 50 cents on a $5 bill. To exchange currency of one country for another means decided loss. Exchange varies each day—Wall street stocks never knew such rapid change. The American dollar drops every time a tourist cashes a check and goes sky high whenever he wants his dollar back again.

Money exchanges are found near R. R. stations, in cigar stores and occasionally in a grocery and these 'one man" banks frequently give a better rate than an established bank. All of Europe is gambling while Germany, under its nose, reestablished the mark at the par value higher than ever and at a premium over the American dollar.

The change appears quite arbitrary. When the mark approached the billion and was printed ein, zwei etc. billions, the name billion suddenly became "ren ten." A billion marks, therefore, became a renten mark and equal almost to 25 cents American. Zwie billion, therefore, equals 50 cents. Prices in Germany are now based upon the renten mark. They are higher than ever before and no tourist now comes away with bargains.

This year Germany has been avoided by all. But few tourist parties have taken the Heidelberg Rhine trip, while none have gone into the country. Information is almost impossible to get. All of the Latin countries as well as Holland, Belgium and England seem determined that no tourist shall enter there, hence information from returning American tourists will not be dependable. Of the millions of Germans, a few hundred have money and are to be seen on the tourist routes but this is no indication of Germany's condition. Throughout Germany there is unquestioned poverty. Dropping the mark was a great game while it lasted, but every last German is about dead broke.

The vast majority travel fourth class, a thing unknown before the war. A "first class" train only exists on through routes,—the majority of trains being made up three-fourths fourth class, a few thirds and a car or two of second class and usually empty.

Goods in shop windows equal New York prices, with the exception of cigars. There appears to be very little buying and business is stagnant.

* * *

England appears more prosperous than ever. Theatres at high prices are packed, while restaurants are crowded with types who never saw the inside of a restaurant before.

All this, in spite of tremendous taxes and much complaint. England has just reached the silk shirt stage.

Although England has just passed through the greatest war of all history, her people go back to worship at her old shrines as always. The tower of London has thousands pass through its portals daily, and at an increased price. The Armory at 6d. The jewel tower—another 6d and 'the bloody tower" at another 6d, permits the loyal Britisher and tired American tourist to weep over poor Anne and tread the boards where Raleigh spent three listless years and thus support the army and half the Navy on the income.

Even the Holy of British holies, Westminster Abbey, now charges admission to see the stone upon which Royalty at some time must warm its trousers.

If they would only build a few more old and reliable ruins, the National debt would soon be met.

H. M. Carpenter.

Llaurhwydrys, August 14.

Silk Shirt Period Strikes Wall Street.

The public is in the Stock Market to stay and the old-time conservative financier is flabbergasted.

The old Wall street game of fleecing the lamb works no longer. Time was, not so long ago, when the dear public, attracted by rising prices, put his money into stock and found himself at the end of the season with a piece of paper known as "stock" and Wall Street had his money.

For the past year stocks have been boosted, the public has bought, pools have sold out and prices kept right on upward. Pools re-bought at the higher prices, sold out once more, and prices still continue to soar.

Nobody seems to care what the price is so long as his stock is likely to go higher. Stock like Sears Roebuck is selling for 30 times its worth, and banks are even recommending some stocks that are 15 times over their worth.

To the on-looker it seems as though there is going to be a terrible crash, yet the country is more prosperous than ever and no crash is in sight this year. It is a case of having enormous sums of cash in the hands of the public.

Immediately following the war, every man felt a prosperity he had not known before and set forth to gratify that supreme desire for wearing a silk shirt. Shirts soared to $20 and more; shoes went to $25, and fur coats went to $500 and up. The demand was there and price was no object. There was no resultant crash; workmen found it did not pay to wear silk shirts and so prices fell off, but gradually. There was no great shock.

There is every indication that the public is giving serious study to Wall Street and its distribution of stocks. Mistakes have been made but are not repeated. The "bears" have sought to knock prices and frighten out the lambs but the public is too close at hand with fistfuls of money and every time a stock reacts there crops up over night a sudden buying power that no man can foresee. Stocks of first quality have been bought up at such high rates that it is impossible to find a stock giving a reasonable return in interest. These stocks still exist but just as fast as the public discovers them the price soars.

It is this continual soaring of one stock after another that makes the market so attractive and it is a great guessing game to detect which one will jump next. The profits gained from these rising prices make Wall Street stories read like fairy tales, while the neglected stocks that have had a great rise fall gradually into

Continued on Last Page.

People of Greece Cling Their Faith to The "Ikon".

Last year I took moving pictures of a miraculous "Ikon" which is kept in the vaults of a cathedral on an island in the Greek Sea. An Ikon of the Greek Church is a symbol used like the Crucifix in the Roman Catholic Church. It is made of wood or metal a foot or so square decorated with a picture of the Saviour or the Virgin.

But this Ikon had miraculous powers and was covered with jewels of great worth; it had the power to cure lameness, blindness, deformities and every possible kind of disease and the method of application was peculiar: The Ikon must be carried in the arms of the priest, who must walk over the patient!

Now the Ikon is brought into public view only once a year and the sick must await its coming, so I was on hand for this occasion for it had never been photographed nor a movie taken of the "Festival".

This miraculous Ikon has been "curing" Greek peasants for 400 years and many victims of physical troubles come year after year, always hoping to be cured. Imagine a line of unfortunates lying side by side for nearly an eighth of a mile awaiting the coming of the Ikon; the lame, the blind, the broken in health, hoping the passage of the Ikon over their poor wasted bodies would bring them health! The sight wrenched the heart and drew compassion from the on-looker, yet the lack of intelligence about it all made one wonder at their faith in a bit of wood as against splendid medical attention to be had at Athens and available to all of them.

Never has one authentic case of healing taken place that is capable of proof, yet I would have been attacked with fury by the mob while at the height of their emotional hysteria when the Ikon passed by had I tried to tell them so. Had I said their cure was worthless I would have been killed and thrown into the Sea.

Now the best of scientific treatment through modern methods and the best of experienced physicians are to be found at Athens and can prove through long trial that they can do what the Ikon fails to do, but human faith is amazing in its ability to close the eyes against knowledge and experience.

The persistence in having this blind faith is intensified by the fact that a physician cannot cure blindness nor other physical defects and is therefore limited whereas the Ikon is infinite! And so persistent is this faith that it will turn the back upon all logic, human wisdom, experience, proved scientific treatment and followers of such blasphemy.

Effort to change this faith only antagonizes it and attempt to introduce proof arouses an anger that kills. While this state of faith exists the mind seems incapable of picturing practical ideas. Argument puts them on the defensive and they call it "applesauce".

As we look at these poor creatures spread upon the pavement, wrecked by disease and deformities, sightless children, shrunken limbs and wasted forms, we say "this could never happen in America".

But wait! I exhibited the movie I had taken to the congregation of a Greek Church here in America and upon the appearance of the Ikon they immediately stood, crossed themselves and remained standing while the Ikon was in view. Yet these people are in immediate touch with our best medical attention and advertised "common sense".

This blind faith, incapable of seeing or measuring the future, is just as common here in America as elsewhere and Massachusetts has just gone through bitter experience with it. There are "cures" in politics as well as in medicine, while in religion they are sponsored by certain churches.

In addressing these people we must talk in their own terms and must realize that complete honesty accompanies their beliefs. For eight years New York City suffered under an honest and completely incompetent mayor because he told the masses he would retain a five-cent fare on the street and subway lines. Did they picture the millions of their own money wasted through incompetence? It was neither pictured nor comprehended because it was beyond the average imagination, but the 5 cents was real.

New York politicians have always taken advantage of this ignorance by taking barges full of their constituents out for summer picnics, on May-day parties and other entertainments. Governor Smith well knew that "beer" is a known quantity and he staked his future on the prohibition question, callilng it the main issue. The logic, as applied to large masses of foreign born, was correct; that it failed was due to the prevalence of ability in the American people to measure the future in terms of logic and experience.

The miraculous Ikon will continue to "cure" for centuries to come, for faith without reasoning powers will prevail in masses of people as against all the experience and logic science can array against it.

—H. M. Carpenter.

My Imported Djinn.

It seems almost incredible, but according to all unwritten laws and beliefs of the Near East, I am personally possessed by a Djinn.

It is no ordinary "Gin", but a live, imported and genuine Turkish Djinn, acquired in a Turkish cemetery last summer. Whether it is a good, bad or indifferent Djinn I have not been able to tell, for nothing specially noteworthy has happened to me since, but if I had been run into, or broken my neck I would have known at once that it had a malignant temper.

Not being posted about Djinns, I followed a Turkish funeral into the cemetery at Eyoub, an ancient Turkish town, at the head of the Golden Horn.

Not wishing to seem impertinent, I busied myself with a camera, standing its tripod about 50 feet from the grave and took sly glances now and then to note the progress of the funeral.

About thirty mourners stood around while two men shovelled dirt back into the grave faster than I have ever seen men shovel dirt.

I took less than thirty seconds to focus under my camera cloth, and on removing it discovered that the entire funeral party had disappeared like magic. I was absolutely alone, so far as I knew, but not one vestige of that crowd of mourners could I discover. That they had taken to their heels and run as if the Devil was after them didn't occur to me and so I had to inquire about this strange Turkish phenomena.

It seems that everyone in the Near East is possessed of a"Djinn" which remain with him or her throughout life. If a person is sickly or unlucky it is perfect evidence that their Djinn is unkind. His presence in a person creates an idea of Fatalism, so common in the East. "Allah's Will" is the usual expression for it.

One's personal Djinn has always to remain with the person or animal of its selection and cannot be freed until life has gone. With humans, the signal for leaving the body is the last spadeful of earth thrown upon the grave.

At once the Djinn is free and seeks the nearest person available. That is why the funeral party took flight down the hill, just as fast as their heels would carry them.

And there I stood, within fifty feet of the grave, and, according to good Turkish ethics, the freed Djinn immediately took possession of me. I have hopes it might have entered a billy-goat browsing nearby, but Turkish authoritties insist that humans are preferred.

And so I have with me a genuine imported Turkish Djinn. Really it is proving quite an asset, for now I have company and if anything goes wrong I know where to put the blame and this leading a blameless life is to be recommended; the only difficulty lies in proving it to an American Court.

This idea of Djinn's occupation of one's anatomy is many thousands of years old and accounts for much of the curious behavior of Near Eastern peoples. It is the ancient Law "a life for a life" and produces curious customs. Among the Arabs a man wants to be buried near one of the numerous shrines. A shrine may be merely a tree or a conspicuous rock, or an outcropping of coal on the surface, but the value of this burial is that no Djinn can exist near it.

When a man dies at a distance from his favorite shrine and his body has to be taken there on camel back, it becomes necessary first to appease his personal Djinn. If his body is transferred to the camel, the Djinn immediately takes up his abode in the valuable camel and to offset this a rooster is sacrificed to the Djinn.

The camel rests on the ground and the rooster is killed above the hump, allowing the blood to flow over the camel. When this is done the Djinn is obliged to occupy the rooster, which, being rubbed against the corpse insured the transfer. Then the Djinn has to remain with the rooster's body until it is buried, and heaven only knows when that will be.

Bedouin children are never washed because the dirt keeps the skin from direct contact with a Djnin. Some of the children in this country may have learned about this precaution. At any rate, I feel particularly immune against criticism since I have acquired my Djinn, for regardless of my conduct, the Djinn is responsible for my fate, and if it develops a particularly malignant disposition, I know just who will be invited to my funeral.

H. M. Carpenter.

11/3/28

"Lost Souls" on The Bosphorus. An Interesting Bird.

The Museum of Natural History is a strange place to look for a "Lost Soul", but I was forced to go there to see if they had any in stock. I was disappointed to learn they never had one, yet the "Lost Souls" may be seen any day of the year flying low over the waters of the Bosphorous.

Equally disappointing was the lack of information concerning them in Constantinople, yet they were to be seen morning and afternoon by anyone who took the trouble to look at them.

The "Lost Soul" is a small white bird, slightly larger than a robin, which flies through the Bosphorus in a flock containing from twenty to a hundred of these little birds. They fly in platoons about 600 feet apart, at a regular rate of speed which I should judge to be twenty-five miles per hour, and about ten or twenty feet above the water.

In the morning up to 10:30 they fly south from the Black Sea to the Sea of Marmora, and in the afternoon, about four, they return for the night. I could find no one who knew anything about them; their destination, their feeding ground or their rookery. I was told they rested on the rocks along the shore of the Black Sea, but that was merely hear-say.

No one has ever seen them alight in the Bosphorus, nor could I learn they were ever seen to alight anywhere else, yet these strange birds with their strange habits of flight have been common to the Bosphorus for centuries.

There were so many versions concerning their name that I gave up trying to learn the authentic one, and so these little lost souls continue to fly winter and summer, day in and day out, down the Bosphorus in the morning and back at night, undisturbed by traffic or Turk, and probably unnoticed by the Tourist whose mind is bent on looking at palaces and villages that skirt the shore.

Egyptian Hawks.

The Egyptian Hawk is a true hawk, but has all the aspirations of a Turkey Buzzard. Any morning around seven o'clock a dozen or so hawks may be seen hovering over Cairo just as they have likely done for four thousand years, but the auto makes them keep a safe distance from the streets.

The streets of Cairo are as well asphalted as those of New York and Boston and a string of camels is almost as rare a sight there as wheelbarrows on our city streets. The refuse on Cairo streets no longer is sufficient for these carrion and their only salvation lies in the occasional garbage found in some back yard where they might alight unmolested.

The Egyptian Hawk was evidently a sacred bird centuries ago and is seen everywhere in Hieroglyphic carvings. If any other bird exists in Egypt I failed to see him and if he does exist he has a mighty hard time trying to get along with the rascally agressive felaheen who are capable of destroying anything they cannot use.

Stork in the Holy Land.

We are accustomed to associate storks with German chimneys, but they are common enough through Syria and the Holy Land. Drive along any road in a car and the long-legged large and lazy birds will wander within 50 feet of the road without being disturbed. They are usually alone, but a good fertile field will find fifteen or twenty wandering around the marshy section.

At Ephesus, southeast of Smyrna, Turkey, I undertook to take a "movie" of one of the storks on its nest, and although I threw everything within reach in order to get it to "move", I ruined about 100 feet of film while it held absolutely still like a college professor having his picture taken; it might as well have been a "still".

Storks just dote on ruins; they nest on every available pillar and make their presence known by a constant clapping of their long bills, much as a small boy will flap two laths together. As a song bird the stork is a failure; as a slap stick comedian he is a success.

Duck in Turkey.

Turkey is a grand place for migrating duck, and the only reason they continue to exist is the shortage of ammunition among the Turks. Large shallow lakes about 20 miles west of Smyrna, half filled with exquisite pond lillies, is the favorite hunting ground of western Turkey.

Song Birds of Greece.

One of the distressing sights in Greece is that little pile of stones placed one upon another in every field, upon which lovely little song birds are expected to perch. These are shot at by the myriad of sheep-herders who have nothing better to do. There is neither law nor ethics against the destruction of song birds, yet that is about all there is of life that can be enjoyed on their barren mountains. Not a tree, nor hardly a bush exists there and what the sheep don't eat the goat manages to find and hardly a blade of grass can hide itself.

There seems to be no room in these tired Eastern countries for anything to exist outside the human animal, which has destroyed all the beautiful and the good, and whose only companion seems to be the down-trodden jackass and the camel, which has come honestly by his ill-nature through contact with the human race.

H. M. Carpenter.

Can Money Be Made in Wall Street Nowadays?

Everyone knows that a wild animal finding food in a certain locality will return to it, and others learning of it, go there, too.

Anyone making a hundred or a thousand dollars in Wall Street is going back there for more. Slowly, but with ever increasing confidence the public seek in Wall Street this money which comes through dividends or changes in price in the stocks of hundreds of companies who sell them in this place. The gunning there is good.

The reason why the public in general lose money in Wall Street is because they are human and know how to play only one side of the game. Everyone knows a stock certificate when he sees it: it is tangible, represents something concrete and is salable, therefore in a market of rising values there are more buyers than sellers and in season he will sell it and make money.

It is in the falling market that the public lose out: The market permits the sale of any stock although the seller does not possess it, and instead of delivering it immediately, one is permitted to buy it at his leisure and when he desires. Prices in the market may be altogether too high and everyone knows they are sure to go lower but the public balk at this "short selling" because they cannot vizualize the selling of something they do not possess. It is at this time of high prices that the experts in finance go gunning. One gets his cronies together, calls the hunting party a "pool" and sells "short" to the optimistic public all they can absorb.

There are any number of these gunning parties, each specializing in a certain stock, but the public never know what stock it is to be nor when the party is to begin.

[illegible] that the public become frightened, for they play but one side of the game. Having bought a falling stock it is instinct to hang onto it, hoping the market will react and the price go up again. It is a safe guess to say that the majority of men sitting around the brokerage houses have stock that has dropped in value, and sit there glum, day after day, hoping for a "reaction" in the market.

It is this gunning after stock by pools that makes speculation so dangerous: no one knows when and where a group of men will meet secretly and agree to boost a certain stock to a given price through advertising its great virtues and through heavy purchases, or, just the reverse. There are more "tips" floating about Wall Street than there are fleas on a dog. Nowhere on earth are men so gullible as in Wall Street; it is almost unbelievable.

If it can be shown plausibly that fleas on an Arabian camel will affect camel diet, [illegible] the speculator will forthwith sell his [illegible], perfectly good "Arabian Transportation Ltd". In a rising or falling market good stocks rise and fall with the bad and stock is sold absolutely irrespective of its worth, therefore there is no such thing as "investment" in a stock unless it has been bought at a price that insures a reasonable dividend, and the real worth of a stock is a bankers proposition; not the publics.

Stocks paying no dividends have been boosted to utterly ridiculous prices that cannot possibly be maintained. By selling these "short" and going to Europe for a vacation so that there is no inducement to play with them, there is even better chance of making money than through purchase of the most conservative stock in the market. But how many will do it?

Now that the market is deflating, the public is either out of pocket or worrying to death lest their holdings further depreciate.

Meanwhile the financial expert, known as a Financier, usually a man of great wealth and seldom heard of in Wall Street gossip, has bought and sold with expert ability. When the public is ready to throw its depreciated stock away, this financier will buy it and deliver to the optimist to whom he sold "short", or he will buy because it is again cheap.

Stock bought at a reasonable price and paying regular dividends is an investment worthy of respect, but the human desire to cash it in the moment it goes up changes it at once into a speculation and the whole "investment" is in danger. It is the easy money unearned by hard toil that raises general hob with the individual who goes into Wall Street. Money can be made there but it requires special ability and training to get it and keep it.

"English as She is Used" in Travel Abroad.

The idea that one must be able to speak one or more foreign languages if he wants to travel is so common I have been credited with being a veritable linguist, just because I have travelled a bit. Honestly, I can't speak anything but New Yorkese; not a hundred foreign words do I know.

Just to tickle my vanity I have said to a French waiter "Comb-be-yang" which is supposed to mean "How much?" Then he gives me a paper with figures on it, always added up wrongly and I say "tray-share" which means "too-much"; then I add correctly and he thinks of something else and changes my figures and I say "beaucoo-tray-share", which means "too damn much" and pare down the figures. He doesn't always get this and it has to be repeated with gestures; then I pay what he has added up, give him twice as much as I ought and join the other fellow Americans on the Boulevard.

Once in a while there is an intelligent waiter and he speaks in English or fetches one who can, for my brown shoes give me away.

The easiest way to find a given place, either a museum or hotel, is to say the name in a way that doesn't sound just right; that fetches the Co-Share around in his seat, but once utter a couple of native words and the danger becomes at once apparent, for there is a flow of the native tongue that takes on the appearance of a Hoover vote; the best way is to write it down.

To wander about town, learn but four native words from some English speaking person: "Go, stop, right and left", and deliver these to the driver as needed and you can drive from the back seat all day.

Since the war, English is common in the demotest regions; before the War, German was valuable. In Citinje (Sit-in-gee) Montenegro, the most God-forsaken town in the world, situated in the bowl of a crater, I emerged from the Hahn (Turk for Hotel), had a cop step up and say "good morning". I replied "Good, where did you get the English?"

"New York," said he.

"What are you doing here?"

"Oh, this is my home town."

Thus I got an interpreter who smoked up all my cigarettes and got a commission on everything I bought —of course after I left.

Other languages than the French and German are quite as easy. In Greece it is "dex era and aristera", "right and left", and in Turkey the Chah-book will understand "Arrah-by gee", and will "drive on".

"Oh, you speak English; what is it you want?" is such a common reply along the tourist routes that every tourist reports it as original with him, enlarging and decorating the remark until it becomes a story.

In Mostar (Mo-star) the capital of an utterly worthless little country and now part of Jugo--Slavia I met an English speaking native. Now through the country-side the native dresses up like a Brigand in a Gilbert & Sullivan Opera, minus the high boots, and one expects to see him bob up from behind a rock every now and then and take a pot-shot; really they look quite brigandish.

And to this native I said, "Don't you find it a dangerous place to go about after dark?"

"Oh, no!" he replied, "I used to be a barber over in Hells Kitchen on Eleventh Avenue and it's like going to church here compared to that gang".

Let all prospective tourists beware of the "Methode Polyglotte Kuntze", in other words a conversation book to aid in bombarding a man in his native tongue. These abominations are indexed Animals, Baths, Bazar, Boating, Carpets, etc., and divide these worthless titles into sentences.

For example, under "porter" it will have in English "Hulloa Porter, take my baggage. I have five pieces," and alongside we get this monstrosity: "Bah-nah-bank, hah-mahl, eshyah-larnee-me ahl, besh parr-chah varr, eeckee sahn-deck."

Hurl this at a Hamal for the first time and there will be the very devil to pay in Turkey. Why say we have "five pieces". Had we but four, we would be stuck. But leave it to a Hamal. I had one run alongside my carriage for nearly a mile just to have the privilege of unloading my single grip and receive two and a half cents!

A dozen nouns, two verbs (bring and get-to-hell-outta-here) and one can travel anywhere in the Orient; otherwise use straight English.

—H. M. Carpenter.

Some Facts About Syria, The Home of The Missionary.

When Americans are found travelling alone in the eastern Mediterranean countries, or on the sea thereabouts, it will be found that they are hooked up with some missionary enterprise of the Near East. Tourists out there only go in large flocks on tourist steamers.

The coast from Turkey, south to Egypt, runs north or south. The lower half belongs to Palestine and is supervised by the English. The upper half is under French mandate and is known as Syria. This little country can be crossed by auto in a forenoon and the length can be covered in a day's trip, and over fairly good roads. Beirut is the principal seaport and is known to Americans because the American University is situated there.

This little country has been overrun by countless armies for centuries; not a tree is in sight and the inhabitants are a nondescript lot of Greek, Turkish, Arabian and other nationalities, making the inhabitants a mixture having an Arabic culture. It is this conglomeration of humanity living on a wornout soil that particuliarly appeals to the missionary.

Hardly a village in the whole of Syria, even those situated in the remote parts of the Lebanon mountains but one can take a stick and poke out a missionary. Just what they do there is not always clear, but there can be no mistaking a missionary from other characters and one outstanding characteristic seems to be a willingness to live on starvation wages.

The money sent out by missionary societies, not only from America, but from England, Belgium, Holland and even France, is spread so thinly over Syria that it seems like trying to fertilize a ten acre lot with a wheelbarrow of fertilizer.

Some of these missionaries try to run schools, others run orphanages, but the equipment is poor beyond belief. It is believed by these good people that they are doing good to the inhabitants, but frequently they are imposed upon without always realizing it. A mission school on the coast is caring for nearly 400 children from birth to fourteen. Last year when I visited it, I was shown "war orphans" six months old. I do not know what war was referred to, but there were certain indications that showed a willingness on the part of the natives to let the missionaries board, clothe and educate their children free of charge.

Syria can be guaranteed to furnish orphans in carload lots, with not a cough in a carload, to anyone who wants the job of educating them. Those natives are not so dumb as one might suspect. One youngster claimed he loved his teacher because she "tried to make him a Christian", and he was of Jewish descent!

There is no accounting for the willingness of these missionaries to live on starvation wages in villages of hard-boiled natives whose habits and thoughts have not changed from the time of the Crusades. There are villages like Nebatieh in the Lebanon that are run by Feudal Lords, and others whose inhabitants are direct descendants from the crusaders.

Then there is that floating population known as Bedouins, who are living precisely as they lived at the time of Christ, but missionaries can't hold them still long enough to reform them and nothing short of a shot-gun would likely do it. Still the missionaries get a great kick out of their profession and as their lives are devoted to a good purpose, nobody ought to hold out on them when the plate is passed "for the missionary society"

H. M. Carpenter.

Mrs. Lindbergh in Turkey.

Mrs. Charles Lindbergh has arrived in Constantinople, where she is to teach chemistry in the Woman's College this winter. With her is Miss Alice Morrow, daughter of Dwight W. Morrow, our Minister to Mexico. Miss Morrow is to act as hostess at the College.

If anyone pictures the Woman's College as a modest institution run for the benefit of a few Turkish girls, a sad mistake is made, for the College is a two-million-dollar structure, high and conspicuous on the west bank of the Bosphorus. Its main building is a magnificient structure erected for this American college by the former Helen Gould. Walking up the steep densely wooded hill reminds one for all the world like the Hudson River hills at Tarrytown.

After a glimpse of these modern buildings with great Grecian columns towering above one at the top of the winding road, no one could possibly picture themselves in an oriental atmosphere, yet here, surrounded by a chestnut grove, exquisite gardens and farm land, the wholly American college has been running for years, quite an equal to Vassar, Smith and other equally prominent women's colleges of America.

Although the college is endowed, the students have to pay a large tuition fee, quite impossible for any except reasonably prosperous people.

This year the adopted daughter of Kemal Pasha, President of the Turkish Republic, is one of the students; the government has always favored its operation. During the war not a class was discontinued nor a recitation missed, although the buildings were sadly needed by the government during that tragic period.

There is nothing of the missionary atmosphere about the Woman's College, which stands quite apart and distinct from missionary enterprises. Its methods have been to share in a friendly way with the youth of the Near East the best we have in educational ideals, and in sending Mrs. Lindbergh and Miss Morrow to Constantinople the trustees have accomplished more in securing a better understanding of these ideals that any diplomat mission could have done. Now that the women of Turkey are free to develop along with their country, the Woman's College will prove to be one of the greatest factors in their advance.

On the adjoining hill to the north stands Robert College, equally conspicuous and much better known. Here its preparatory department is a prominent part of the College, but visitors will note with astonishment the engineering department where students last year were making speedometers for commercial use, designing and casting turning lathes, power saws and other machines for their own use. The college is the only place in Turkey where gearing can be cut.

Under the supervision of American instructors, several of whom are down-east Yankees, the Turkish boys are "westernizing" by sure degrees. It is the Woman's College, however, that is going to have an extraordinary influence in the home life of Turkey, in which Mrs. Lindbergh and Miss Morrow will have a share.

—H. M. Carpenter.

Appreciates The Difference.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Whenever that prodigious sheet, known as the Nantucket "Mirror", wrapped in its pink coverlet arrives in the mail, there is a distinct grabbing for it by every member of the family.

The New York Times is cast aside, the Herald Tribune follows it. The local paper (New York has local papers) is left entirely unread until each has gone through the Mirror, beginning with John Killen's schooner and ending with "white shelf paper".

Why is it? Is an entire family bughouse on "news"? Are they looking for a change in the winter boat schedule or for news from relatives?

If any Nantucketer had the daily experience of poring through the great metropolitan dailies, he would learn why. The answer is simplicity itself; the Nantucket Mirror is a purveyor of fresh air, of simple quietness, of news that is refreshing.

The metropolitan dailies have the notion that "news" is the recording of the unusual, and seem to think it necessary to have every item produce a "kick", a thrill, no matter how worthless the result and rotten the doer.

I find in your last issue that your "worst" news is the discovery that Nantucket's Chief of Police is the chairman of the Selectmen and your "important" news relates to the Nantucket Reunion in Boston.

Now we read every word of that, although we hardly know one of the 183 Nantucketers who attended, but it is an item of cheerfulness, of goodwill and welcome conviviality. Why that is downright news to a New Yorker! It is certainly a record of the unusual—particularly the menu of baked Indian pudding—most unusual to those who live on potato salad culled from the nearest delicatessen.

I doubt very much if the native Nantucketer appreciates the manner in which his news is served up by the Mirror.

It is a weekly record of social events, cheerfully related as every issue will attest, even in the headings.

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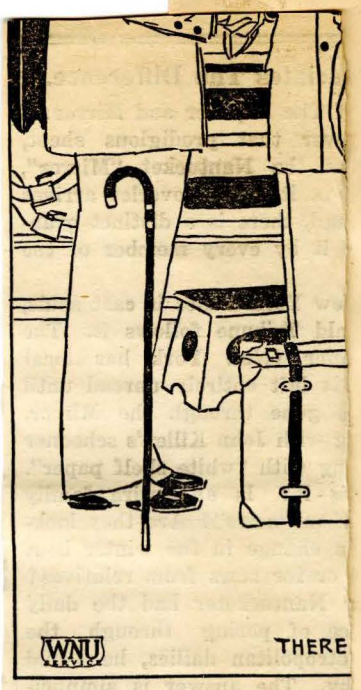

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Report of Nantucket Public Health Association.

Continued from Second Page.

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This week it records that early boat whistle, improvement in telephone service, putting Nantucket on the air-line, with an editorial "Let us give thanks", and a hope, thrown carelessly into the "Here and There" column, hoping "your bird will be tender and the vegetables all that can be desired."

And this is how New York's local feeds us on Thanksgiving week: Here is today's issue, word for word. Headings on the first page, given in order:

"Girl held as hold-up lure"; "Body of man killed by street car identified"; Cashier held for $10,000 check forgeries"; Buffalo minister commits suicide by hanging"; "Brooklyn man held for violating the Mann Act"; Veteran slays Hospital aid"; "Several towns destroyed by fire"; Man held for peddling narcotics", "Cop dragged under trolley car"; and eleven more just like them.

Even our reading matter is depressing; the latest book ends by having the man die and the girl has to go back to her husband.

And our latest theatrical production, opening this week on a house party where the host solicits the only virgin and is accepted, but she got fooled, for another woman beats her to it.

It is the constant daily parade of this filth, combined with the joy of being insulted by every cab-driver when he fails to run over you, and living in the stench of exhaust gases, hopping like a grass hopper day after day, that causes each and every member of the family to grasp the Mirror as for a breach of fresh air.

The reason why the Nantucket Mirror is acceptable is, as I said, simplicity itself.

We certainly hope the special town meeting will permit payment of that extra policeman, though we have not the slightest idea as to what Nantucket wants of policemen anyway.

Sincerely,

H. M. Carpenter.

New York City, November 27th.

'29

A Suggestion For a Vacation Trip "Off Island".

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

If any Nantucketer is planning to spend a pleasant and economical vacation "off-island" this winter, I would advise taking the money usually spent for a trip to Florida and go to Turkey.

The cheapest trip possible out of New York can now be taken on one of the cargo steamers of the American Export Line. Excellent steamers, sailing under the American flag, good standard American food, outside rooms and regular sailings cost $300 for a round trip of 60 days. This is board and lodging at $5.00 per day, while the cost of travel is nothing!

The minimum cost of travel for two persons in their own motor car to Florida and elsewhere in this country is $4.00 per day, plus the wear and tear of the car, while the tour advised is cheaper and affords the novelty of unusual travel.

On shore the costs in the Near East are low. The Hotel Des Londres, the second best in Constantinople, cost me $14.00 per week for their best room and excellent French meals. The taxi starts off at 4 cents and adds 1 cent each eighth of a mile. The Colonial Hotel (Colonia Xenodoxian) in Athens, charged 60 cents each for an excellent room with steam heat, bath and running water, while Fords and Buicks can be hired at rates from $6 to $10 a day, and $2 per day when not in use while touring.

The Export line steamers stop at Spain, Egypt, Turkey, Roumania, Syria and the Holy Land, so that a trip by steamer and stop-overs in the various countries affords one of the most unusual trips ever taken out of New York. By adding spending money and stopping off in Egypt or Turkey for the next steamer, let us add another $300. Hence a trip extending over a period of three months, or 90 days, will cost $600 everything included. This is a liberal estimate of $7.00 a day for travel, the daily cost of a trip through Europe before the war.

In looking over travellers to the Mediterranean, it will be noted that those who travel for pleasure from the United States are all over 50 years of age. They have arrived at a period where they can spend time away from home and the office. Tourists from the States going to Europe have so little time that they rush like mad trying to cover immense territory in a short space of time. American business men take the fastest of steamers, rush to London and Paris and back again, but time seems to be their main obstacle.

Nantucket's vacation begins, however, in the fall and after stumbling over dozens of Nantucketers who have travelled all over the United States and gone to Europe, it seems to me there are some who would love to do the unusual, and at a reasonable expense.

The journey to Turkey and back by steamer may be made to cost much less that $600 by cutting down the expenditures ashore. Very few, however, know of this economical transportation and read of these expensive Mediterranean tours in which only the rich can indulge.

While sitting on Shepheards Hotel Terrace in Cairo, a whole load of these wealthy Americans arrived. They advised me that their trip was costing them $42.00 a day each, plus extras. These included $385 to see Victoria Falls, $150 to visit "Tut's tomb" and similar additional expenses.

Such wild expenditure destroys the comforts of the modest traveller. When this gang arrived at the Pyramids in royal automobiles, they climbed aboard a flock of camels, dolled up for the purpose and paid $2.00 each for a twenty-minute, suffering camel-back ride, and then added $1.00 tips to the camel drivers. This I happen to know because of the number of good American dollars I got back swapping them for the local backsheesh at a good discount.

There are excellent inexpensive hotels in Cairo, but Americans' only knowledge of Egypt is Shepheards Hotel and the Pyramids, and it seems to be quite the thing to go there, but others than the hotel patrons can occupy the terrace and have tea with the American minister, whose Nubian runner is the gayest thing in Cairo, and watch the Galli-Galli fakir pull baby chicks out of their pockets. The Terrace is terribly over-rated but the management knows what the tourist wants.

H. M. Carpenter.

Greece, The Coming Tourist Country.

Mediterranean Cruise steamers are now returning and discharging their passengers at the New York docks. Instead of alpine-stocks and pictures of the Coliseum, Cologne Cathedral and junk from the Paris shops the inspectors find in the luggage little clay mummies, Turkish slippers and Greek conversation beads guaranteed to be "genuine amber".

The chatter consists mainly of gossip gathered on the terrace of Shepheards Hotel, exhorbitant tips paid camel drivers at the pyramids, the decadence of Turkey and the shrieking Lizzies running like lice about Athens.

The large percentage of these tourists have been gathered up by tourist companies and escorted through a conventional route of travel so that the experiences of one have been duplicated by everybody else on these Near Eastern trips; all interesting but about as exciting and novel as drawing a piece of chewing gum out of a slot machine.

These steamers wait six days at Alexandria, three at Haifa or Jaffa, three at Constantinople and less than eight hours at Old Phaleron, the tourist port for Athens, yet the most fascinating of all these stopping places is at Greece.

Greece is now preparing for tourists and within five years they will be pouring over her historic hills, digging into her memorable past and dining at 9 p. m. with the descendants of the most cultured people the world has produced.

Evening dress, formal attire, is in greater use in Athens than in London or Paris, for the Greek people are "western" and not an "eastern" race at all. This fact is not always thought of by the Greeks themselves, for they have done business for centuries with the Slav of Russia, the Turk, Armenian, Syrian, Arab and Egyptian, all Eastern races, and the Greeks acquired their ethics and habits of doing business and so think of themselves as "eastern".

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—H. M. Carpenter.

rk, April 16.

When the Athenian plans to go to Italy, he speaks of "going to Europe". This is due to the fact that Athens and the Pireaus, the seaport of Athens, are on the eastern side of their country and all important traffic seemingly comes from the East.

But the Greek is thoroughly western in his natural thought and habit. His wit and humor is as western as New Englands while Greek ideals are so high they are impractical. A recently built road of asphalt running towards Epirus, a small village a few miles off, illustrates the Greek character.

The Athenians decided they should have good roads. Forthwith, they bought shiploads of good American asphalt and laid out a broad boulevard and headed it west. It can accommodate six cars abreast. Just about the time we come upon this magnificent highway and wonder at its beauty we step on the gas expecting to reach the end in an hour or so, but we hardly reach our 35 miles an hour than—Boom!—we come to an abrupt end. Their money ran out. Thereafter we have a narrow little muddy road that goes nowhere in particular.

The Greek people of today have the same ideals, the same inspiration and the same conceptions of beauty that

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In another year the tourist cry will be "Yes, we spent the season in Greece; I've given up cigarettes entirely because I'm using Greek conversation beads. You see we have to keep our hands occupied and instead of munching candy and smoking a camel I drop these little beads on their string, one at a time, one upon another and it keeps my fingers busy; yes and its cheaper, too; I think that's really why the Greeks use them."

—H. M. Carpenter.

New York, April 16.

were held by their forefathers. Their new Y. M. C. A. is no Y. M. C. A. at all. It is their "Temple of Youth". Everything they contemplate building has a halo of beauty surrounding it, but it is always such an extravagant ideal they will "go broke" deliberately rather than lessen their ideals and make them practical.

The Greeks are a most extraordinary race, for a people, whose country has been over-run for 2,000 years by all kinds of foreigners, and subjected to a condition of slavery, is extraordinary if they keep their race intact.

The Greeks, bob up at the end of 20 centuries of persecution more Greek than ever, and with their language intact.

Greece is filled with ruins of all kinds, of crusaders building, of Venetion strongholds, of Turkish styles. Even the Acropolis has a stairway built by Turks into a corner of the Parthenon.

Soon Greece will have tourist hotels where we can remain in comfort while we visit their innumerable ruins, and upon leaving we can return by way of the Dalmatian Coast on our way to Venice, for this coast is fascinating its beauty and historic towns and islands.

In another year the tourist cry will be "Yes, we spent the season in Greece; I've given up cigarettes entirely because I'm using Greek conversation beads. You see we have to keep our hands occupied and instead of munching candy and smoking a camel I drop these little beads on their string, one at a time, one upon another and it keeps my fingers busy; yes and its cheaper, too; I think that's really why the Greeks use them."

—H. M. Carpenter.

New York, April 16.

NING, FEBRUARY 23, 1924

Selling Morality to Children.

Children can be taught "duty" and other "lessons of life" just as readily as they can be taught to read, write and spell, but the teaching of "duty" has become a lost art in American education.

Duty, obligation, kindness, tolerance and those qualities we call "manly" are teachable. Once they were included as a regular feature of our educational system, but like many other good things, were carried to excess. Their teaching degenerated through such stupid, inane and insipid stories, poetry and declamation in school that they were laughed out of existence. The loss of moral value is so great it cannot be measured; selfishness and greed has nothing to offset it and the re-introduction of moral lessons of life is vitally necessary to our Schools.

Fifty years ago, following the Civil War, this country experienced a prosperity equalling that of today, but the sense of duty to self and country did not deteriorate but was fostered by church and school to a degree unknown to the present generation.

The final blow to the weakened style of teaching morals appears to have been dealt by Mark Twain who wrote his famous "Story of the good little boy" which began:

"Once there was a good little boy by the name of Jacob Blivens. He always obeyed his parents no matter how absurd their demands were, and he always learned his book, and was never late at Sunday School. He would not play hookey even when his sober judgment told him it was the most profitable thing he could do. None of the other boys could ever make that boy out, he acted so strangely."

"Curious Caroline;" "Dirty Dick," and the like. Dick was so dirty

"Potatoes from his fingers sprout,
And green stuff on his toes;
And watercress all round about
His neck and shoulders grows!"

Is this an inspiration to a child to

"Duty" is the need for doing something no one cares to do, and this story appeals strongly to those who just naturally evade it, and this means all of us. In former years our school readers, our poetry books and our Friday "declamations" permeated the whole school atmosphere with moral teachings. Poetry taken from a school book published in 1872 is indicative of those times:

"A youngster at school, more sedate than the rest,
Once had his integrity put to a test;
His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,
And asked him to go and assist in the job."

His scruples were silenced by his mates and he went along, but note the results:

"Conscience slumbered awhile but soon woke in his breast
And in language severe, the delinquent addressed:
'With such selfish and empty pretences away!
By your actions you're judged, be your speech what it may."

It's a tough boy who can read that story aloud in school and not become deeply impressed with it. Today our best salesmanship is put into selling goods; our earlier salesmen sold morals to children, and with greater reward:

"I like little pussy, her coat is so warm;
And if I don't hurt her she'll do me no harm.
So I'll not pull her tail nor drive her away,
But pussy and I very gently will play.
She shall sit by my side and I'll give her some food
And she'll love me because I am gentle and good."

Here we have all the elements of good salesmanship. The very first cat that arrives is sold absolutely and complete to that childish listener. No element of doubt enters its mind, and kindness is sold 100 per cent.

Comparing story books of the present day: A widely advertised childrens book, issued by a publishing house noted for the high character of its publications, has these titles: "Awkward Ada;" "Boastful Bob;" "Curious Caroline;" "Dirty Dick," and the like. Dick was so dirty

"Potatoes from his fingers sprout,
And green stuff on his toes;
And watercress all round about
His neck and shoulders grows!"

Is this an inspiration to a child to keep clean? Compare it wth the following published in 1870 and entitled "Clean Clara:"

"What! Not know our Clean Clara?
Why the hot folks in Sahara
And the cold Esquimaux
Our little Clara know!
Clean Clara, the poet sings
Cleaned a hundred thousand things:
She cleaned the keys of the harpsichord,
She cleaned the hilt of the family sword,
She cleaned the works of the eight day clock,
She cleaned the spring of the secret lock,
She cleaned the china, she cleaned the Delft,
She cleaned the baby, she cleaned herself.
Tomorrow morning she means to try,
To clean the cobwebs from the sky.
Some folks say the girl will rue it,
But my belief is she will do it."

Here is a girl worth emulating! Here is something stimulating to pride. That is the spirit they sought to inspire, those ancestors of ours!

Selling morals to children is as easy as selling them anything else. The latest song "Mean, Mean, Mamma" shows the trend of the times, yet good old-fashioned reading of the kind taught at home and school fifty years ago will do more to advance contentment, kindness, good will and consideration than all the development of intellect our schools just now prefer.

To what extent are your schools today teaching these vital lessons of Life?

H. M. Carpenter.

New York, Feb. 11.

The Eventful Cruise of The Ship Philadelphia.

Our readers will recall an interesting article written by H. Manning Carpenter, a summer resident of Siasconset, upon his return from his European trip early in August. Now that the story is out, Mr. Carpenter sends to The Inquirer and Mirror some interesting details of the voyage to Naples, information gained from his experience as a passenger on that memorable trip. The story which he tells has almost a South Sea island flavor, a touch of the thrills which often accompanied a sea voyage in the days long before the old "City of Paris" was built. It hardly seems that such a stunt could be pulled off in the year 1922, but it was and Mr. Carpenter writes us about it in a vein that makes the yarn mighty interesting.

The Eventful Cruise of The Old "City of Paris."

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

On August 12th, the Inquirer and Mirror printed the first account sent to this country of the trip of the steamer City of Paris, re-named the "Philadelphia," which is now beached and stripped in Naples after an eventful voyage of seventeen days. I then withheld the name of the vessel, and held the matter as "news" until the arrival of its destitute crew on September 8th, on which date details were sent broadcast throughout the United States.

Thus the Inquirer and Mirror had a "beat" on all other papers and didn't know it.

The vessel is now beached, filled with water through deliberate opening of the sea-cocks, stripped of brand new equipment and held by the Italian government for $80,000 due creditors of that country. Three fires were set by the crew; returning passengers (mostly Italian) paid in $17,000 passage money and remained on board two days under promise of sailing any minute, and finally were put off along with the captain and crew amid fights and brawls, while their money disappeared, the crew left unpaid and the company went into the hands of a receiver.

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The sister ship "New York" has just been reported libelled for $60,000 unpaid by the Greek company that bought her. Such is the ignominious ending of the old American line whose two boats were the "seven day" wonders of the sea. The Philadelphia had been laid up in the Hudson river for two years and was finally bought by a speculative firm whose experience in shipping must have been limited; still it offered opportunity for relatives to take a sea voyage in cabins de luxe, even if they did have to return in the steerage at the expense of Uncle Sam.

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Anyone sailing from Brooklyn on a Sunday morning in a vessel called the Philadelphia has no right to complain no matter what happens. That is probably why the passengers gave votive offerings each time some ingenious passenger discovered the rest had money. An Italian opera singer who wanted his voice cultivated thought of it first, then the jazz band made up of college boys who wished to tour Europe had a benefit.

Cures for snake bites in the Brazilian forest were needed, and suggested by his Lordship the Right Reverend Bishop, Father Amandus Bahlman, O. F. M., Bishop of the Amazon River and Provinces. (The Rev. father wishes it to be known that O. F. M. does not signify Order of Free Masons.)

The Armenian Refugees came off best, for their collection was made with that scientific skill which extracted fifty millions from kind Americans whose sympathies are roused every time they hear of the poor down-trodden Armenian, regardless of his reputation at home.

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The usual "vote of thanks" was not given to the commander, Capt. William McLeod, U. S. N. F., probably because he compelled a patient lot of passengers to remain on board for thirty hours gazing at the Rock of Gibraltar, while the British government went fishing for the anchor he "slipped" when he went to get coal at the wharf. Nor was he thanked for a sense of humor that caused him to set afloat the rumor that "a vessel from the Azores bound for the States would pick up the mail," whereat a badly belated boatload wrote and wrote just to alleviate anxiety at home, although many knew the officers were then toting arms, and boiler tubes were bursting daily.

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Deck life for the most part was serene and quiet for the whole seventeen days, while the quiet sea looked inviting to those who swim, for there were times when boilers were in repair that speed became an unknown quantity, and in order to keep passengers content and on board, the captain built a swimming pool. It was a good pool but popular with the captain's three children only, and his concern for their contentment made the pool a source of entertainment for the family.

* * * *

With change of watch at eight o'clock, the passenger list grew through the addition of members of the crew—college boys working their passage and hired by an economical management. Seldom does the forward hatch vomit forth a crew in evening dress, ukeleles and flannel trousers, but more than fifty of a crew of 20 were thus prepared to meet a select passenger list which includes fifty college girls going abroad for an outing.

The rest of the crew "went Bolshevik" and shortly murmurings of discontent were added to bursting tubes. Then it was that consternation spread among the girls, for orders issued from the bridge and were bulletined: "Members of the crew will not be permitted to mingle with the passengers." And so it happened that a disconsolate lot of sailors sat on the forward hatch and sang:

"The old ship Philadelphia! The old ship Philadelphia! The old ship Philadelphia-a! The H—— of a ship is she!" while stern matrons corralled the girls aft lest they breathe the defiled air of the fo-castle.

Then, to while away the passing days, a mock trial was gotten up: "A college member of the crew was detected stealing a leg of lamb." Ex-

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At a critical moment a drunken member of the unpaid crew who were swarming the decks, sallied forth with a gun to "do the captain." That the captain was not "done" was due to his alertness, and he promptly responded by demanding a line-up of officers to protect him.

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hibit A proved to be a bone of mammoth size, brought from the home port. Lambs do not have bones of that size, but the prosecuting attorney who produced it must have conceived the ship to have started in the geologic period when lambs were mastodons, so slow was the voyage.

The defence proved an alibi: The prisoner was out swimming when the theft took place. The theft was admitted, and the thief was known to be a passenger, who desired the girl the prisoner had loved and captured in the first cabin. To dispose of this prisoner, and so secure the girl, the real thief got up the trial and he was none other than the district attorney himself!

That trial never came to a conclusion, for the district attorney had suspicions, and therefore, at the first opportunity came into really serious clash with a witness, which was only stopped through the intervention of the judge, who promptly adjourned court; thus was a good case lost.

With 300 boiler tubes gone, ventilating fans and pumps out of order, came the serious breakdown of the refrigerating apparatus, and this required the destruction of all storage material to be used for the return trip upon the arrival at Naples. Forty of the crew, which was advertised as "A Yankee crew," left the ship at Gibraltar to go home to Spain, while their places were filled the last moment by a motley gang gathered from all over the world. By the time Naples was reached, Bolshevism ranked high; the college division of the crew skipped ship and were found here and there throughout Italy during the rest of the month.

Bills fell due for supplies and repairs, amounting to $80,000, while creditors arrived and were promptly thrown off, for a returning passenger list had come aboard and had been promised momentary sailing, and this not alone created anxious and persistent creditors, but a government warship stood at attention lest the vessel "slip anchor!"

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At a critical moment a drunken member of the unpaid crew who were swarming the decks, sallied forth with a gun to "do the captain." That the captain was not "done" was due to his alertness, and he promptly responded by demanding a line-up of officers to protect him.

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Then it was, that the captain lost caste with his crew: Some of the ship's linen started down the gangway in the hands of one of the men who had invested a couple of thousand in the ship, and this was a short way of getting his money out of the fast declining assets. As other material was fast disappearing, the captain ordered the linen back on the bridge. The crew took this as an affront, and being both drunk and angered were prepared to settle the account then and there.

According to confused accounts the captain, angered at the steward, shouted out "That's the man who made skunks of you! Shoot him! Wipe the deck with him! Throw him overboard! Throw 'em all overboard! I'm through with the ship." Most of the officers then stood by with weapons concealed under blankets, towels, etc., but had them aimed at the captain!

For two days and nights the frightened steward and his friend the purser bolted themselves in their stateroom and lived on canned lobster and shrimp.

* * * *

Matters went more quietly for a few nights, when the cry of "Fire!" started the crowd into action again. As fast as men went to aid in suppressing the fire, others began throwing bolts and whatever came handy. The ship's surgeon, Dr. Marbardi, had 169 broken heads and ugly cuts to mend as a consequence. This situation came to a climax when the Italian battleship, standing by a few hundred yards and awaiting just such an emergency, sent 150 marines aboard, whereupon the crew quit fighting the fire and fought the Italians.

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During this brawl, somebody scuttled the ship by opening the fresh water valves. Soon she acquired a heavy list to port and finally went aground and was beached. "Then blest if the marines didn't stage a party of their own," so the crew announced after they had been put off, "and such wines and tinned shrimp that were not already gone, helped to complete the party in the first cabin dining room 'way up for'ard, and everything moveable served as souvenirs."

And the captain, returning on the Cameronia, was warned that he would have to leave the ship if he did not conform with the etiquette required of passengers, and it took the assistance of the consul to prove that he could do it, so comes the report. Anyway, life on the old ship Philadelphia was not at all monotonous.

H. Manning Carpenter.

New York city,
September 25.

Had a Wet and Long Trip Across to Italy.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Over in 'Sconset is a sign board reading "Spain, 3000 miles." This is not entirely accurate; it is 3285 knots, and a wet road, made still wetter by sanction of the U. S. Sipping Board, for we waited for a Jersey bootlegger to arrive, just outside the three mile limit.

"Fording" the great ditch all the way to Naples, in sunny Italy, has taken just 17 full days on the road, all due to the fact that this nine-day journey was taken in a steamer pushed nearly into uselessness carrying troops during the war.

Those who have seen the hundreds of steamers lying idle in rivers and harbors have wondered why they could not be utilized, but a trip to the Mediterranean in one of them is convincing evidence that they are like second-hand autos—liable to break down on the road, and in places least suspected. This steamer of ours lay in the Hudson River for two years, and never turned a screw until we set sail.

The captain is in the same condition of mind any mind would be who bought a second-hand car and invited his friends to take a ride if they would supply the gas. He will discover that every one has a date and they insist on keeping it. He spends most of his time reassuring his guests that he has a perfectly good car, although he has a hard enough task convincing himself that it will work.

The real power lies under the hood, and the real labor falls on the engine room force whose strenuous labor keeps us going, though the guests know little of their troubles; hence the captain—and—car is the recipient and butt of every joke the unfeeling guest can invent; and what a relief it is to feel we have landed safely, and so the captain is a good fellow after all.

We sailed under the alluring assurance that it was a Yankee ship with a Yankee crew, duly advertised as such. "Yankee" is a misnomer; "American" was intended, and as such, the melting pot has all its component parts present. The captain was born "Scotch," the engineer "Welch," while the controlling financial interest in the line is what may be expected in a Glasgow-built ship sailing from New York, with the relatives well representing this interest occupying the "cabins de luxe."

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The crew has more than 50 American college boys working out a vacation, and are under instructions that they "shall not mingle with the passengers." This is more than a hardship, for the cabin contains about 50 college girls who are taking the usual tourist route. Many of the "Yankee crew" left the ship at Gibraltar to go home to Spain.

Probably the most interesting phase of this "Yankee" cruise is to see a college boy "waiter" aid an Italian lady, who cannot read, and who knows nothing of dining table paraphernalia, in making selections from the menu. Thanks have probably been given to Mr. Volstead that her three years' residence and familiarity with wine manufacture allows return in the cabin instead of the steerage; such are the advantages of American freedom.

To get a strong impression of Europe's economic condition, one has but to see Gibraltar's harbour. This great cross-roads has always had from 15 to 30 ships riding at anchor, while busy tugs ploughed their way day and night between them, and 25,000 inhabitants of the rock's city supplied their immediate needs.

Today, we see but one Occidental Liner, the usual number of coal-carrying hulks, but empty, a great 2700 h. p. tug laid up for economy's sake and an idle city.

In a corner of the harbor, lying idle for the past 8 months, lies a large American liner, under control of the U. S. S. Board, offered for sale, with no offers, for her boilers and machinery have been nearly destroyed by a mutinous and Bolshevik crew.

Snugly berthed under the great rock lies the good old ship "Nantucket," with her washing lazily swinging from the rigging, and a healthy bunch of kids leaning over her taffrail.

The Carcnia just swings into the harbor, but only for a few hours; she is chartered by Cook's and is waiting for the Spanish special to bring her American tourists from Cadiz where she left them the day before. Just as we are about to sail, in come five sturdy American destroyers, trim but grim, having left Constantinople for a general European tour.

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And so, the American flag flies more frequently in the ports of the world, than that of any other nation; but no material business seems to be done; the ports are idle, business is stagnant. America is not the only nation troubled for want of activity.

To be sure, Henry Ford's work of art is seen almost to the exclusion of every other, in Gibraltar and Spain, and it is well nigh impossible to set up one's camera and train it on an ancient cathedral without having one of his Lizzies swing into view, but beyond these activities, they are waiting and watching.

H. M. Carpenter.

Napoli, Italy, July 17th.

[When Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter left Nantucket late in June, to depart on their European trip, the former promised to send a series of articles to The Inquirer and Mirror while they were abroad. Mr. Carpenter is a well-known special newspaper writer and is in Europe in the interests of one of the large news-gathering organizations. His impressions of Europe as he finds it today will be read with interest by our readers, and especially by those who recall Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter as summer residents of Siasconset.—Ed.]

"Why Do I Like 'Sconset?" An Answer.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Not so long ago you asked me why I liked 'Sconset. I don't like it—I love it; in fact, anyone would have to love it to stay there in November. A place that has neither electric lights, gas nor running water; a place where we have to put five dampers in the pipe to keep the stove from being drawn up the chimney; where little boys fly iron shutters instead of kites and use anchor chain for tails; where one has to hang onto the soil with his teeth to keep from being blown into kingdom come.

The primary purpose we had in coming to 'Sconset was to keep cool, and it is the coolest place on the coast. The same sun may beat upon New York or Boston, but in those places we create a penny wind with electric fans and drown our interiors with sodas. Here the treeless moors permit wind from all quarters and we keep the liquid outside down at the beach.

Europe cannot equal it, for its winds penetrate as it would through a ghost and I have seen Germans wearing overcoats in the summer with the thermometer at 90. The winds from the North Sea give no vitality, while the Mediterranean Sea can blister saratoga chips.

But equally important is the fact that 'Sconset is the most democratic hamlet in the United States. Here we accommodate the lowly Millionaire or the plutocratic Bond Salesman with two weeks on his hands; we have houses we live in worth $90,000 and others worth 90 cents. The native owns most of the places and if he mortgages one it is because he uses the money to build another. His home ten months of the year is rented to social aristocrats for two months, and they are willing to pay him enough for the privilege each season to buy the house and the one next door; that is because these little houses appeal to the heart; they are built without ostentation.

Even the wealthy father of the village knows superficial wealth is a burden and the homing spirit is satisfied only at such hearthstones, and its ties are so strong he crosses the continent every year in order to reach it.

Neither is there prejudice against the elaborate, as some of our residences indicate. Our dress is equally democratic. Shell street or Broadway accommodate themselves to the latest modes in dress, or to overalls. We can strum ukeleles their entire length, dressed in a bathing suit, or we can ride through in a Rolls Royce. There would be no comment if I wanted to trundle a barrow of rubbish to the dump, dressed in a frock suit and spats.

Compare this atmosphere with that of the little French village of Chamblay which drove one of its women out of town because she bought a silk dress in Paris! No one loses caste in 'Sconset through manual labor, and that is true democracy.

My disposition, and my fond wife's too, are such that we have to keep eternally busy. 'Sconset is our conclusion: we would rather smell up the whole house with sausage and pancakes than dine at the Savoy in London upon heart of the palm tree and loin of fallow deer.

I have painted everything paintable except the grass and have toted bureaus and chairs, bed springs and mattresses, more miles than Bill Hart ever rode horseback. We raise such general hob we have to rent the place so the tenants may put it in order, and are outrageously happy.

Florida may appear attractive, but the real estate agents there can drive one out of house and home through distraction. The Orient looks alluring, with atmosphere to burn, but the Shiek (pronounced "Shake") who takes a dislike to you has the vicious little habit of putting ground camel's hair in your food, and one has constantly to be on the watch for mischief. European groups have this or that virtue which one may admire, but sooner or later something crops out that annoys.

As a close student of the art of living, one must look for the virtues rather than the vices of those with whom he comes in contact. The character of 'Sconset is as individual as its houses and it reflects the character of its inhabitants. In turn it produces strong characters. Probably no two ever agreed on anything at all. This is as it should be.

Individual opinion that is capable of standing up by itself is the only kind worth while. In looking for those virtues we enjoy—good will, consideration, independence of spirit and the like—we have found more on the island of Nantucket than in any place we have lived and that is why we love it.

H. M. Carpenter.

'Sconset, November 21, 1925.

Allowances to Children—How Much Should They Spend?

When the baby hand reaches forth and grasps the penny within reach, he promptly puts it in his mouth. As an article of diet the great American cent is not to be recommended.

It takes two or three years for the youngster to discover that a penny is only an agent used to secure sweetmeats; thereafter he is afflicted with "financial gimmies". Up to the age of ten he is content with the penny, unless he is indulged; it is his money standard because he becomes used to its purchasing power. Once obligated to an eight-year-old in the sum of 26 cents, that extra cent is collected; he will never be satisfied with a quarter.

From 10 to 12 years, the standard increases to 5 cents. From 12 to 14 it may increase to a dime. After maturity it gradually increases to a dollar and remains a fixed stanard in the minds of no less than 75% of the population. The youth obliged to work his way through college must retain the dime as a standard, but the collegian who depends on the ducats he can wheedle from his father has no standard at all.

The moment most of us come into possession of a sum greater than that to which we are accustomed, we seem unable to change our dollar conception and promptly blow ourselves to silk shirts, furs and autos. This kind of extravagance is particularly true of children, wholly regardless of the social and financial position of the parents. The penny, nickel and dime are their fixed standards and it is disastrous to attempt a change.

A Texas family of landed wealth recently struck oil, and it pours out a golden stream of $100 an hour for them, day and night. They moved to New York and sought social life even for their children. The ten-year-old boy was given $20 bills at a time, and seldom had under that amount in his fat pocket. It took but a day for his school-mates to find it out and they had one glorious time at his expense.

Although a bright, delightful boy, he had no conception of purchasing power and he indulged the crowd with sodas, candy and theatres to such an extent the morale of the school was seriously affected. Something had to be done, for parents began to complain their own sons were teasing for increased allowances, and extravagance became rampant.

Father was appealed to: "Well, the boy is going to inherit a very large sum and it seems to me wise to let him get accustomed to larger sums than are usual", and so money continued to pour in. This decision obligated the school to teach "sonny" the value of a dollar. The stage was set:

For ten days the whole school was devoted to helping him spend money; all but the boy were in on the plan; for several days the most popular young man ever known to a school had his limousine packed with youngsters; picnics (at his expense) were organized, horse-back riding suddenly became popular; presents to sisters were in order, and his diet and health only needed careful guarding.

By the end of the week, a little wisdom trickled in. Was his popularity due to his personal virtues or to his wealth? Over Sunday a change was evident and the second week slowed down; by the end of the week not a nickel could be gotten out of him with a monkey wrench; he was cured.

The boy's allowance was reduced to $1 a week at his request and he set out in earnest to make true friends. This was an easy matter, though it took time, for he was athletic and wholesome, and wise enough to profit from the lesson.

The size of the allowance should be determined by the social standard to which the child or youth is accustomed. If it is too little pride is affected so seriously there will be a still hunt and schemes to get more. The habit of theft is frequently born out of this condition. If too much, the money standard is disrupted and there is not only waste, but discontent. It should be the main purpose of parents to see that the social atmosphere is healthy, and then permit the child to uphold his or her end, *and no more.*

H. Manning Carpenter.

4/17/26 TE

Carpenter Now Writes on "The Gentle Art of Swearing."

When a man pounds his finger with a hammer, what is he expected to say? The dictionary says he should say "Heigh-ho! Oh dear! Alas! What a pity! And that's all.

What his wife expects him to say can't be printed.

What he is likely to say is "Dammit!", and add appropriate words that have been handed down for centuries, to meet this occasion.

All these words are called "expletives".

The dictionary says "an expletive is a word inserted in a sentence, not necessary for sense, but for ornament".

Ah, that's the secret: A cuss word has no sense, but is an ornament; it is merely decorative. This seems reassuring.

* * * *

Hereafter, we know that when a man fails to collect from us what we owe him, he has an immediate desire to decorate us like a Christmas tree, with verbal ornaments.

Nor should a wife ever seek to deprive her husband of this desire to decorate his speech; she has already appropriated every personal adornment except his necktie.

She has invaded the sacred precincts of his barber shop, where from time immemorial he has removed his tie, and made the air radiant with his glittering constellation of cuss words; she has taken his cigarettes.

Does she now propose to deprive him of this remnant of his glory? It looks so. What does he dare say now, when the barber calls "next" and she steps into the chair before him?

* * * *

Out of the Dark Ages came the terrifying "God condemns you unto Hell!" uttered by the ignorant priest of the time. Little did he realize he was originating style in decorative speech. He must have been French.

Later, a venturesome sinner tried out "Darn yer hide" on a rival suitor, and when the earth failed to open and swallow him at once, he took heart and found he had a reliable method of attack.

Quickly there followed "Gol darn, Gosh ding, etc., and variations. Then the transgressor tried it out on himself and said "Damme", "Darn my hide", and found it worked to his complete satisfaction.

After these try-outs, "Hell" became popular, and "Dammit to Hell" was the one qualification necessary to enter polite society. It was far safer to leave one's tie at home than to go without this requisite ornament.

* * * *

A man's social standing, therefore, is determined by his style of decorative cuss words. The gentleman has always refrained from using the name of the Diety, excepting under most serious provocation. The press refuses to print it, and the theatre dares not—although individual actors take chances.

Reluctance to use God's name is evidence of respect which only adds to one's standing. To omit "Christ" is evidence of self-control and self-respect.

Now that we have taken to cussing out impersonal things, swearing of that kind has lost all force, a "Gol durn it, dammit, gosh ding it, heck (for Hell)" are in a class of ornamentation all by themselves.

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Vulgar language is not ornamentation, nor decorative; it is perfumery that has become rancid.

Filthy language is that putrid stench which can permeate one's whole personality, with the effectiveness known only by that king of perfumers from the lower regions, known as the pole-cat.

H. Manning Carpenter.

Discovered!

It has just been reported that the origin of the Indian War Dance has been discovered:

King Philip and some of his relatives were visiting the 'Sconset Indians one early November and got up one morning and found the fire had gone out and the water turned off.

Nov 14 '25

Aug. 26 / 22

The True Situation in Germany at Present.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

I have just come out of Germany where, for the past ten days I have been talking with all sorts of people in an effort to learn the true situation that exists there. Occasionally there would be a stray New York paper containing an account of German conditions wholly at variance with the facts, and even the foreign editions of the Chicago Tribune and New York Herald would contain communications from disgruntled tourists only to be refuted next day by another.

Here in the Hotel at Strasbourg are fifteen American men hesitating to cross the border because of the many tales of difficulty, although I have just come in from the German customs without having a trunk opened, or a question asked, and ten days travel in comfort, and with courtesy everywhere, and with greater consideration shown us than we receive in France.

This paradoxial condition is due wholly to attitude of mind, and capacity for adapting ones self to the country he is in, and the report following his experience. Such comment I make is a concensus of opinion gathered from Germans, French and American business men rather than from leaders whose whole conversation is colored politically.

All Germans agree they are whipped; the attitude of the average man is precisely that of a man who has been beaten; he admits it if he must, and there follows an indifference for the future and unconcern for the present excepting for his immediate needs. Yet, there is, in back of his head the intention to "come back" when he gets good and ready.

The average German is busily engaged with the present. His crops are the product of intensive cultiva-

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The travelling American, having once witnessed these contrasting difficulties, realizng the deep prejudices

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Manning Carpenter.
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The average German is busily engaged with the present. His crops are the product of intensive cultivation, almost equalling the famous Italian gardening. I did not see anywhere five acres or more that could be turned to better account. Fruit trees were over-burdened, having thousands of poles supporting the over-laden branches. Wheat, rye and oats are being grown where pasture had been before, for many thousands of cattle have been handed over to France, and these fields became available for much that had been exported.

No herds of cattle were in evidence as in France, but those that have been retained are the largest and most perfectly developed animals in Europe. Cows appeared to weigh 1600 lbs. while oxen and bulls weigh over a ton. Every factory chimney was operating with German soft coal, while certain factories are stocking up with material that seems to have for its purpose the flooding of the world with goods "made in Germany."

The monetary situation is unique and there is no precedent for it in the World's history: No one seems to know just what is to happen, but it is perfectly clear that the Germans are about to undertake an economic war, for no matter how low the mark seems to go in value, they are perfectly complacent about it, although every drop in its value means genuine loss to every German.

The policy of the German people appears to be the destruction of the World's monetary standards. They have ignored the English pound as a standard, and freely say that the only standard at present is the American Dollar.

Meanwhile, in business, both the dollar and the mark is the basis for trade and this accounts for the contradictory stories concerning the expense of living there, and the cost of merchandise. Any city in Germany will accord the most astounding contrasts in prices. If the price is quoted in dollars (the favorite method of the tourist agencies), the price is high; even higher than before the war.

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Automobile tours so arranged are twice as high as in America, but if the price is quoted by the average tradesman, it is too low to be cheap, it is ridiculous. A trip in a taxi having a meter can be had all day for 4000 marks ($5.00 American). The meter usually starts at 10 marks, which is a cent and a half. The average tip is half of that. Where prices are stamped, as on railway tickets, the rate is extraordinary.

The distance from Munich to Stuttgart, is about 6 hours travel by fast express. The fare, 2nd class, is 140 marks and the difference between 2nd and 1st class is 10 marks. Now, as 100 marks equal but 15 cents, we have six hours travel, 1st class by best train for 22½ cents.

The best clothing, made to order for a large man should not exceed $12. There is reported to be in Berlin alone about 35,000 Americans, mostly from New York, whose natural ability to talk German has driven them nearly insane from bargain hunting, and as they are travelling also at

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speak of travel. They say the exchange is so great that no German excepting the very wealthy can leave the country. At Romanshorn on the Swiss frontier, many thousands of Germans used to arrive, for a vacation in Switzerland. This year, according to the local hotel proprietor, but four have passed through.

But once speak of the French, and German anger comes to the front with a vengeance. They admit they are whipped, but the clearly intended insult to them by placing negro troops on the frontier stirs them to uncontrolled anger, and it is delightfully "French!" To quote an oft-repeated statement: "If we knew that no one would support the French, we would start war on them tomorrow!"

In discussing this with the French, they reply: "We feel that we are alone, and we believe the Germans would do so; that is why we keep 800,000 men under arms, although we need them in the fields." That men are sadly needed in their fields is manifest, many fields being overgrown with weeds, and the whole country presenting a sorry contrast with German thrift.

The travelling American, having once witnessed these contrasting difficulties, realizng the deep prejudices

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these extraordinary rates, they are more than eager to show their bargains from emeralds to Russian sables. When New York sees this display the coming fall, there will be, if these times continue, an exodus that will make the trip of Moses look like a picnic.

This unprecedented condition is possible only because raw material is being gotten in great quantity from Russia, whose monetary system has fallen to pieces, and trading alone is possible, and obviously to German advantage. That Russian Bolshevism is fostered by Germany is evident from the new paper money, released by Germany about six weeks ago, which is 100% Bolshevistic in character. It also indicates Germany's next step in her scheme to destroy monetary standards. Meanwhile, to play safe, German merchants are purchasing American dollars wherever possible and depositing them in Holland and other foreign banks.

The German people themselves show real discontent only when they speak of travel. They say the exchange is so great that no German excepting the very wealthy can leave the country. At Romanshorn on the Swiss frontier, many thousands of Germans used to arrive, for a vacation in Switzerland. This year, according to the local hotel proprietor, but four have passed through.

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of ages that are strong as ever, says with one unmistakable voice, "We must keep out of this and let them fight it out, it is 'dog eat dog', and until they reform their ideas and alter their ideals we cannot help" and, "We've got the money, so what are they going to do about it." An economic war is about to begin; thousands of children and books on Russia are the principal evidences to be seen in Germany to help this coming fight.

H. Manning Carpenter.
Strasling, Alsace,
France.

New Bedford Standard

A Nantucket Man's Views on Travel.

H. Manning Carpenter, who wrote the article referred to, will doubtless be a little amused when he reads the editorial clipped from the New Bedford Standard, headed "Getting the Dollars." Mr. Carpenter travels extensively and there is not much of the world he has not visited. His contributions to The Inquirer and Mirror are always both interesting and instructive. It is indeed amusing to think that the Standard's editorial writer found in one of Mr. Carpenter's articles opportunity to write as follows:

A contributor to the Nantucket Inquirer and Mirror has certain views on travel which more or less coincide with ours. He is not one of the ordinary tourists who parade around in squadrons under the leadership of professional guides, who do just the things which everyone else does, and who compete with one another in proving how inexhaustible are the mines of American money. He is rather an outsider, a rebel against "touristism", and he apparently manages to get a lot of humor out of being on his own and watching the careful routine of the orthodox. That is about all we know concerning this Nantucket man. From what he writes we are sure that he is no extravagant man, and yet on the other hand, he shows sufficient sense of humor to escape the charge of being a stingy one.

So much for the man, and now for a story he tells about an experience in Egypt. He was wandering around the Pyramids—just wandering, and watching the customary flocks of tourists go through the customary. A short ride on a camel, a photograph taken with a Pyramid in the background—that is the ritual. Then of course the contribution comes at the end of the ceremony, the camelmen have to be paid generously for their tough services, and generous tips have to be given, in addition, in order that the reputation of America may not suffer. Generally these tips are an American dollar each, and the Egyptian natives, while they accept the currency, would much prefer the coinage of the realm. So here our Nantucket friend enters the scene and purchases the dollars at a liberal discount.

We are amused at the canniness of the Nantucketer who thus added some extra change to his own pocket at the ultimate expense of the cut-and-dried tourist. Every one was in the three-cornered exchanging. The camel-men were perfectly content with their tips —even after deducting the discount at which they sold their dollars, they still have plenty left to bear witness to American super-bounty. Of course there is this to say for the manner of spending, so typical of the tourist. He is pleasure-bent, and he not only has a standard to follow, but he has also the desire to forestall completely the demands of the itching palm. He is willing to be jipped for the sake of his peace of mind. Of course tourists who are natives of Egypt bewail the extent of American liberality; they are embarrassed by it continually. The story of our Nantucketer would do them good.